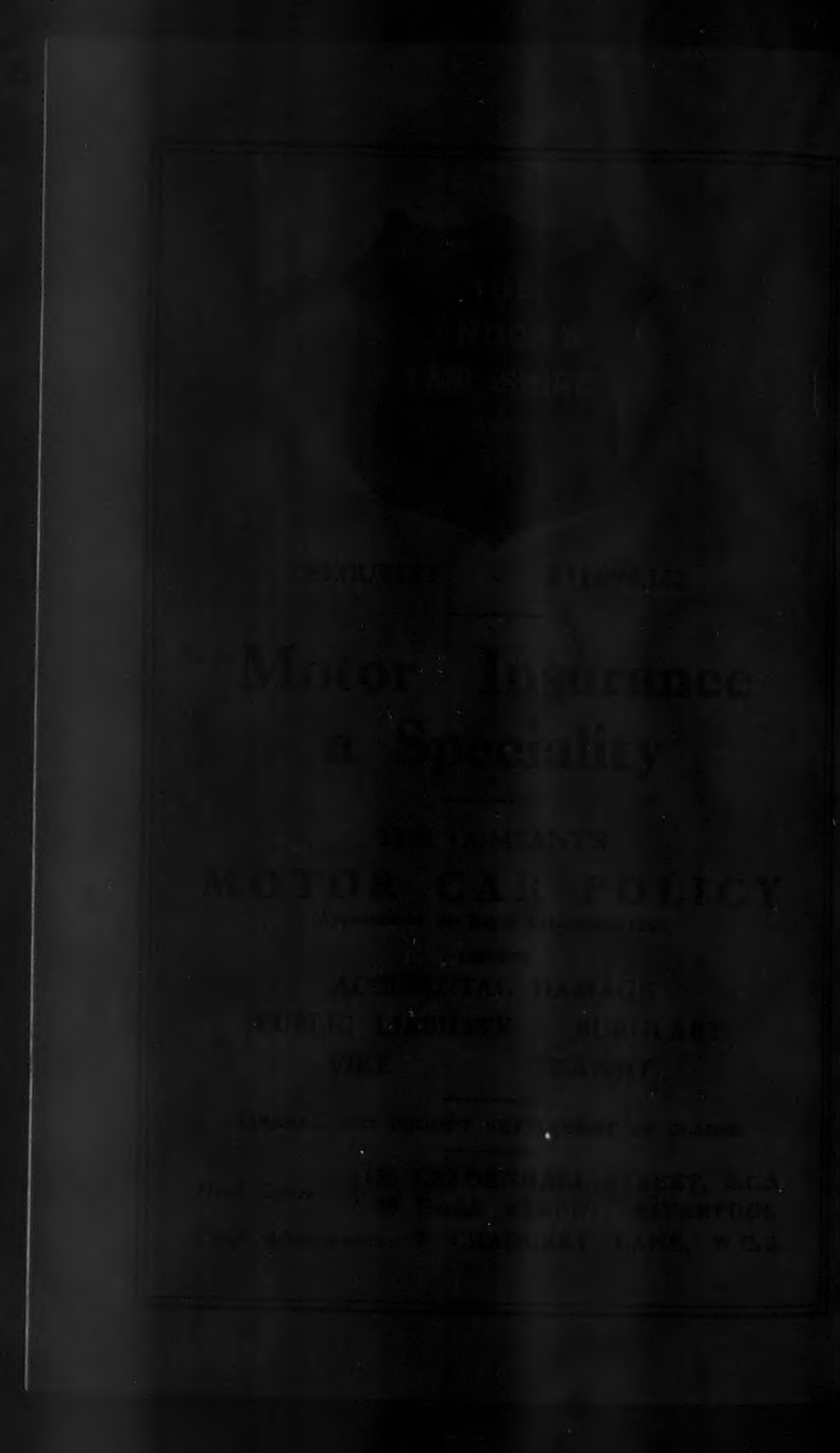
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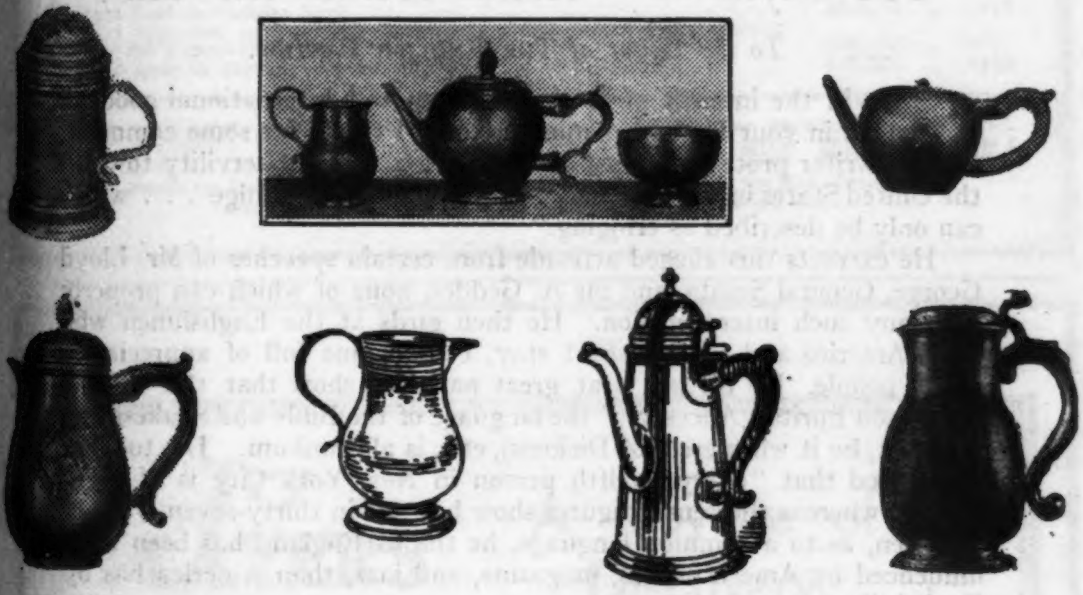
well as on jug, which is very rare. The next jug, flattened or oval shape, sold for £9 15s. per oz., or £212. All seven pieces illustrated are of the Georgian period.

It will cost you nothing if you bring your silver here to be valued, or to tell you if any of yours, similar to the illustrated specimens, are likely to do as well; or, if sent (by Registered Post), no charge will be made should the parcel be returned to you.

Now let me tell you something about three standing salt cellars.

When the announcement appeared in the newspapers (June, 1924) that I had sold at auction Three salt cellars for the record sum of £3,800 many were sceptical, others wondered what they could have been like. The week before Christmas nearly every newspaper stated



that the (Lot 71) standing salt cellar had been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum for a large sum. It may be of interest to give the number of the lot and the description in the catalogue, and two others sold at the same time, viz.:

Lot 71.—"A massive Elizabethan standing salt cellar and cover, 16 in. high, about 5 in. across; on the four sides are stained glass panels, and in the cover 4 medallions are inserted, also with stained glass, depicting Roman Emperors. The net weight of silver exceeds 50 oz.; date, 1592." Sold for £2,050.

Lot 72.—"A small Elizabethan standing salt cellar and cover, 9½ in. high, 3½ in. diameter. This strongly resembles Lot 114 in the Swaythling sale, but the date of that one was 1582, whereas the date of this is 1581." Sold for £900.

Lot 73.—"Edward IV, 1549, standing salt cellar, with a cylindrical centre support and a crystal ball on top, quaintly decorated with masks and mermaids—of all the standing salts illustrated in Sir C. J. Jackson's book. There is only one of an earlier date, and that is at New College, Oxford." Sold for £850.

For 21s. two of my representatives—one with a knowledge of Plate and Jewels, and the other Pictures, Porcelain, Old Furniture, Objects of Art, &c.—will call and impart all the information they can, and, if necessary, bring the jewels and silver away in the car.

Places to be visited (arranged in alphabetical order) next week "F," following week "G," and so on every week. Representatives will be in your vicinity WITHIN A MONTH.

Darfield, Darlington, Dartmouth, Datchet, Daventry, Deal, Derby, Dereham, Devonport, Didcot, Ditchingham, Doncaster, Dorking, Dover, Duffield, Durham, Earlswood, Eastbourne, Edenbridge, Effingham, Egham, Ellesmere, Ely, Emsworth, Eridge, Etchingham, Essendine, Evesham, Exmouth, Eye.

Sales on premises, contents of residences a speciality.

Valuations for probate, Insurance, etc., at moderate fees.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1926

Correspondence

The Myth of "Hands Across the Sea"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the interest of Anglo-American and International goodwill this article in your December number calls, I think, for some comment.

The writer protests against the "Growing spirit of servility towards the United States in which so many of our public men indulge . . . which can only be described as cringing."

He extracts this alleged attitude from certain speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, General Smuts, and Sir A. Geddes, none of which can properly bear any such interpretation. He then girds at the Englishmen who go to America and, after a short stay, come home full of appreciation of its people. He further is at great pains to show that this talk of "common Puritan Ancestry," the language of the Bible and Shakespeare (but not, be it whispered, of Dickens), etc., is all bunkum. He, too, has discovered that "every twelfth person in New York City is of negro blood," whereas the census figures show but one in thirty-seven.

Then, as to a common language, he thinks England has been more influenced by American film, magazine, and jazz, than America has by English literature.

He then prays, in aid of his arguments against the "vaunted idealism" of the United States, Prof. Pollard's ironic reference to the Declaration of Independence, in which he pictures "a community consisting largely of slave owners" (and Englishmen be it said) "proclaiming in fervid tones their devotion to the rights of man"—conveniently forgetting that at that time, 1776, even enlightened England tolerated slavery in its dominions.

This same Prof. Pollard is quite satisfied that the "key-note" of the American Constitution "is distrust of the Government, and also distrust of the people," whereas for a century it has been thought it was a "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." And even Gladstone discovered sound qualities in it that have escaped the historical acumen of Prof. Pollard. As well argue that all governmental checks and balances of power prove such "distrust."

The Work of the National Institute for the Blind.

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.)

Headquarters: 224 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

A MAGNIFICENT RECORD.

Below are given a few figures which illustrate, perhaps better than anything else, the magnitude and extent of the work of the National Institution for the Blind :—

Number of Braille books, periodicals, music, etc., published	2,221,072	since 1915
Number of Moon books, periodicals, etc., published	229,158	„ 1915
Number of hand-made Braille books prepared for Students' Library	6,125	„ 1919
Amount paid in Salaries and Wages to blind Employees	£233,693	„ 1921
Amount of Financial Assignments and Allocations to Local Institutions for the Blind	£269,141	„ 1915
Amount distributed by the Greater London Fund to Metropolitan Institutions for the Blind	£46,100	„ 1921
Number of After-Care cases dealt with	9,012	„ 1916
Amount paid in Relief to Blind Poor, etc.	£129,969	„ 1915
Number of Visits paid by Home Teachers to the Blind in their own homes	370,142	„ 1919
Value of Gifts made to the Blind, including Value of Reductions in prices to the Blind throughout the British Empire	£45,377	„ 1918
Amount Paid in Training Fees	£25,471	„ 1918
Amount expended on Care and Training of Blind Babies (not including Capital Expenditure)	£23,356	„ 1917
Amount spent in Training and After-Care, etc., of Blind Masseurs	£13,321	„ 1916

PITY CANNOT CARE for the blind baby, relieve the blind poor, train the blind adult, look after the aged blind, provide the blind with books and music and the means of earning their living— **BUT MONEY CAN!**

Funds are Urgently Needed. Will you please send a donation to the Hon. Treasurers, National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, W.1.

Try PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

Regd. No. 154011.

A Voyage of Discovery.

WHEN a fellow begins to smoke a pipe he embarks upon a voyage of discovery. He begins a quest for the perfect tobacco. Hopes, surprises, disappointments all come his way. Eventually he discovers, like thousands of smokers before him, that there is no more satisfying or more uniformly enjoyable tobacco than Player's Navy Mixture.

P.1156

And then America is "*par excellence* the land of fads," including Prohibition, the Anti-Narcotic League, and "two indigenous sects" in religion more than England has, including the "Holy Rollers" (who roll on the floor), which, he says, "is an interesting (and widespread) product of the Great Republic"—whereas their numbers cannot be more than a few hundreds in a population of over one hundred millions. They may be paralleled by the exponents of the "cult" here for parading "in naturalibus." Thus, America is to be pilloried because she practises religious toleration. The author, too, doubts the authority, Mr. Stephen Graham, who says of America "The nation is on a high level of morality" —because with a heterogeneous population, including large numbers (in past times) of European immigrant undesirables, there is more crime there than here, and because "the conditions as to divorce are too well known to require comment." And this, although a still higher authority than Mr. Graham, viz. Lord Bryce, said that, notwithstanding the amount of divorce, the standard of domestic morality in the United States was as high as that of any country of Continental Europe except, possibly, Catholic Ireland.

We are told that "the proportion of divorces to marriages is roughly one in eight," whereas the evidence before the Royal Commission proved conclusively that the figures on which the proportions are based are so incomplete as to be absolutely valueless, because, for the period covered by the New York Census Reports, some States had no compulsory registration of marriages, and in many others such registration is of very recent date or very incomplete. Whereas, of course, the court records must show the divorces granted. Furthermore, divorces were very common amongst immigrants, the record of whose marriages outside the United States could not appear in the American records. There are, therefore, no existing data upon which could be founded an accurate proportion of divorces to marriages. The statements of the census authorities themselves are consequently misleading on this point.

His picture of a "given community" in which every "person at some time may have been the husband or wife of a dozen or so persons of the opposite sex, with children scattered around whose relationship . . . it would baffle a trained geologist to trace," becomes simply ludicrous. Anyone who has even a slight personal acquaintance with America knows what a travesty on its domestic life such irresponsible statements are.

Again, we are told that New York law even permits "trial marriages." There is no such law. Marriages of those under the age of consent could formerly be annulled by the party under such age as by English law can still be done. Now the New York statute provides that such annulment is entirely within the discretion of the court, which is rigidly exercised.

Equally misleading, and without any foundation, is the author's statement that "in some States a wife can obtain divorce merely by telling a judge that her husband does not take her out at night." True, he may have read such a "shocker" cabled over by some enterprising reporter with no knowledge of law. I once read such a cable stating "Wife gets divorce because her husband snores," that being *part* of the evidence in the case.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
FEBRUARY, 1926

Current Comments

THERE is talk of an Imperial Conference next October, and apparently the Prime Ministers of the Dominions have already been sounded as to their ability and their willingness to make the journey home. Mr. Bruce in Australia and Mr. Coates in New Zealand are in the happy position of being so firmly in the saddle that they should not have much difficulty in leaving their Governments to look after themselves for a few months. It is in the Dominions nearer home that obstacles are more likely to arise. The extreme Nationalist supporters of General Hertzog are not enthusiastic at the prospect of a leader who, until his accession to office, openly preached secession, suddenly subscribing to one of the main tenets of Imperial co-operation. As for Canada, the exceedingly complicated situation at Ottawa makes the question not so much "will the Prime Minister be able to come to London in October?" as "who will be Prime Minister six months from now?"

An Imperial Conference

There can be no two opinions as to the need for periodical and personal consultation between the Prime Ministers of the Empire. At the same time the British Government owes it to the Dominions and to themselves to make an early and a definite statement as to the actual nature of the work that is contemplated for the suggested conference. There are hints about a discussion on Locarno particularly so far as its implications for the Dominions are concerned. But is such a discussion desirable or even necessary? Without a shadow of doubt every Dominion is heart and soul behind the spirit of the Treaty. It is, however, equally certain that in more than one quarter there is a fixed determination to cling to the right of participation in the treaty-making powers of the Empire—a fact that is freely recognized in the ninth article of the Treaty itself. It would be a thousand pities if a lively

controversy over the machinery of signature and ratification gave the rest of the world the false impression that the Empire was divided as to actual policy. Apart from Locarno, nothing definite has so far been indicated as demanding the summoning of a conference a full year before its normal date. No doubt there are the most excellent reasons, and it is to be hoped that the Government will announce them openly as soon as possible. Otherwise they will give the opposition parties in the Dominion Parliaments the chance of flinging the old taunt of "joy ride!" across the House. It must always be remembered that the Prime Ministers of the distant Dominions cannot afford to come home whenever they are called, and if (for the sake of argument) a real emergency were to arise in June 1927, it would be disastrous if the summoning of an urgent conference were prejudiced by the fact that Mr. Coates, for instance, had travelled 12,000 miles to a conference of polite conversations and pious resolutions in October 1926.

Economy All Round

As one listened, by way of the Daventry Wireless Station, to Mr. Churchill speaking at Leeds, one felt that here might be a man with courage sufficient—and maybe strength, too—to impose a policy of economy all round upon a country which talks economy in theory yet hates economy in practice. Mr. Churchill, in a stronghold of Yorkshire local government, bluntly told the education authorities of Great Britain that the Exchequer, which provides more than half the cash for public education, intends for the future to say how much shall be spent. The nettle of education is one of the most prickly that Mr. Churchill will have to grasp if he means to do what he says, and the power of his grip will be the test of his sincerity and that of Mr. Baldwin's Government. If he gives way to the local education authorities, and in the future, as in the immediate past, merely with percentage grants foots the bills which they present to him, then the upward expansion of educational expenditure—much of it sheer waste of money and labour—will go on unchecked. Mr. Churchill has declared for the alternative controlling system of the block grant, which gives the local authorities so much

and no more except at local charges—and upon his head are already descending the howls of those who make of popular education a fetish and a superstition. Economy in education is only one of the economies which he has decided to enforce. The Exchequer, confronted by Acts of Parliament under which expenditure has become automatic and uncontrollable, will, with Government support, propose early in the new session an Economy Bill by which its hands may be freed. That, by itself, will be of little use unless the House of Commons, and the public outside the House, accept the principle of economy all round, even for their own personal, or party, or professional loves. If the working classes have to abate somewhat their demands for the so-called social services —many of which do little more than manufacture deadheads—and educational enthusiasts are compelled to subdue their zeal for expenditure on education, there must not be campaigns for the defence of superfluous dockyards or military establishments. Economy all round involves sacrifices by all interests and all parties. Mr. Churchill was less tight-lipped than Chancellors of the Exchequer usually affect to be. He explained that had the estimates of last autumn been accepted as they had been drafted, the country would have been faced by an increase of thirty millions in its expenditure—apart altogether from the coal subvention—and the certainty of increased taxation.

His Economy All Round demand is designed to stop increases, especially those deadly automatic increases which every Department knows, and groans over. His estimate of the present situation was more cheerful than some of us expected to hear from him. In spite of the gap which yawns in the weekly returns of national revenue and expenditure, Mr. Churchill—and this means his skilled advisers at the Treasury—expects the estimates of last April to work out with their usual accuracy. This would mean a balance of incomings and outgoings on the ordinary Budget, with the coal subsidy contributing a black deficit of its own to the amount of nineteen millions in the current year, and twenty-one millions up to May next. The Chancellor is over sanguine maybe, but we have so often seen the inflowing streams of revenue during

the fourth quarter of a financial year swamp the cockle-shells from which prophets have cried woe, that we have usually found it safer to back the Treasury than the prophetic newspapers. We look forward anxiously to Mr. Churchill's complete economy scheme and his Bill. Any failure now to grapple with expenditure, and any weak submission to the political pressure of any class or interest, will surely damn Mr. Baldwin's Government and Mr. Baldwin's Chancellor. Mr. Churchill knows this full well, and the knowledge will brace him to his task. He must cut all round and not neglect what Mr. Gladstone called the "candle ends." The service of the debt, the fighting forces, social services, education, unemployment doles, housing—all will have to feel the grip of the economist's hand. The country, struggling to raise its head and recover its trade—partly lost and partly unequal to the growing demands of population—cannot face any increase in taxation. On the contrary it looks hopefully, though not confidently, for some relief.

The Third Thoughts of the Board of Trade

If it were not that the officials of the Board of Trade, in their estimates of "invisible exports" and "balance of trade" for last year and 1924, frankly admit the inadequacy of their data, we might suspect them of statistical cookery. For on the evidence *prima facie* they could be committed for trial on this heinous charge. Twelve months ago the Board reckoned that, after allowing for the national resources derived from shipping freights, interest on investments abroad, commissions, insurances, and other services, the gap between visible imports and visible exports of merchandise and bullion had been closed, and that a balance in our favour remained of £29,000,000 sterling. There must have been a favourable balance, visible or invisible, for had it not existed the evidences of outspending our resources on imported goods would have appeared this year in adverse foreign exchanges and depreciation of the pound sterling.

Then came the slump in coal exports and an alarming expansion in imports, so that by the middle of 1925 it looked as if—on the Board of Trade's own figures—we

should have a serious balance on the wrong side at the end of that year. The Board, rather hastily one fancies, took thought and revised their estimates for 1924, bringing out the favourable balance as between £40,000,000 and £50,000,000 instead of £29,000,000. There was at the time we speak of much alarm, and it was rather important that panic should not take possession of our business men. It was quite bad enough to have the coal crisis on our hands. Now, after 1925 has been closed, we have another revision and third thoughts imposing upon second and first thoughts a new estimate for 1924, and a preliminary estimate for 1925. The favourable balance for 1924 has now been put up to £63,000,000 (£34,000,000 higher than the original estimate), and 1925 has been given practically the same balance (£28,000,000) as that conceded twelve months ago to 1924. All this might, it must be admitted, sustain a charge of cooking accounts to suit political and social circumstances were it not evident that even in 1925 there must actually have been a balance in our favour. For the proof of the pudding is in the eating. With British currency on a gold basis, and a free market for gold once more established in London, an actual deficiency in overseas trading and sources last autumn would have sent the dollar exchange heavily against this country, caused an outpouring of gold, and made the bank rate fly up like a rocket in visible signals of distress. As none of these things happened, and do not in the least look like happening, the one conclusion to be drawn is that the Board of Trade's final thoughts must be nearer the truth than were their estimates of twelve months ago. Nevertheless, it would be folly to feel any satisfaction with the balance of trade whatever may be its precise figures.

The Source of Overseas Capital

For this balance is the source which provides capital for overseas investments, from which springs overseas trade, and it is a balance which is visibly drying up. No lifting of the embargo on foreign and colonial loans can be of much use if we have not the available surplus capital to put into them. For three generations before the war there was always a handsome surplus on our overseas

trade, visible and invisible, which permitted us to invest about £200,000,000 a year in the development of the Dominions and in North and South America. Even if we take the third and most favourable thoughts of the Board of Trade, they allow us for 1925 no more than £28,000,000 "available for investment overseas," and concede to 1924 and 1923 amounts of £63,000,000 and £153,000,000 respectively. The drop from £153,000,000 in 1923 to the exiguous £28,000,000 of 1925 is most ominous. We are not consoled by the fact that the overseas issues subscribed on the London market amounted to £88,000,000 last year, to £134,000,000 in 1924, and to £136,000,000 in 1923. It does not follow that subscriptions by financial houses in London to overseas issues placed in London consist of British money. On the contrary, it is well known that large foreign and Dominion balances are kept in London, add to the resources of the money market there, and are used in subscriptions to new issues which look profitable. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that some part of these overseas issues was taken by British money, and to that extent we have succeeded in replacing some of those overseas investments which had to be sacrificed during the war. The Board of Trade (in their third thoughts) give the national revenue derived from overseas investments as £200,000,000 in 1923, £220,000,000 in 1924, and £250,000,000 in 1925. But as this category of income from overseas investments is admitted by the official *Journal* of the Board to be the weakest link in its chain of estimates, we cannot put much strain upon it or much confidence in it. Our "balance of trade" is beyond a doubt dwindling, and approaching, if it has not yet reached, the vanishing point. The volume of imports, especially of imported manufactured goods, is too large and is growing; the volume of exports, especially of coal, is shrinking. The visible excess of imports over exports and re-exports—an excess which we can touch and see, and of which there is no doubt—was £386,000,000 in 1925, as against £324,000,000 in 1924, and £195,000,000 in 1923. These are pretty ghastly figures. And it is perfectly clear that, if the gap between visible imports and visible exports goes on expanding, the revenue derived from invisible services

must before very long fail to fill it up. We shall then be buying, or trying to buy, from abroad more than we can pay for, and shall find grave difficulty in providing ourselves and our industries with essential foodstuffs and raw materials.

The Coal Commission

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the Coal Commission its members may at least be certain that the public recognizes the judicial manner in which their sittings have been conducted and appreciates the absence of those mountebank performances which so discredited the Sankey Inquiry. Having followed the evidence more closely than was possible to those having to rely upon the meagre Press reports that have appeared, we must confess that we do not envy the task of the chairman, Sir Herbert Samuel, when he sits down to draft the Report. Not the slightest assistance was given by the miners who, confessedly, are bankrupt of ideas for dealing with the situation that will arise at the termination of the subvention period. The grandiose and utterly unworkable scheme for the future conduct of the mining industry that has been evolved by the Labour Party and presented by that leader of Socialistic forlorn hopes, Mr. R. H. Tawney, has already received its *coup de grâce*, in the Premier's speech adumbrating the Government's electricity proposals. The Labour scheme for the nationalization of the mines was so inextricably bound up with other than purely mining problems, and particularly with the question of a universal supply of electric power, that the removal of electricity from the scope of their proposed activities leaves them with little better than a skeleton scheme on their hands. They will, indeed, have to rattle its bones vigorously if any attention is to be secured for it from the public.

That the present position and future prospects of the coal industry are most disquieting is everywhere realized, and the only helpful suggestion for ameliorating its conditions is that submitted by Mr. Evan Williams, president of the Mining Association—we refer, particularly, to the necessity for a reversion to the eight-hours' day. The economies which it is claimed would result from

this alteration in the miners' working day would appear to be greater than from any other quarter. Moreover, we are far from believing that the general body of the miners are so averse from the suggestion as their leaders would have us believe. Given an absolutely secret ballot, superintended, if need be, by scrutineers appointed by the Government, we hold strongly to the opinion that the men would rather have their hours of work extended than their work itself diminished. Nearly 2,500 years ago Hippocrates said: "Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases." If the remedies suggested by the mine-owners cannot be called extreme, who can deny the extremity of the patient whose disease they are designed to remedy?

Splitting the Liberal Atom

THE Liberal Party is an unconscionable time a'dying. While Mr. Lloyd George evolves new schemes for "setting free" the land and recreating a "Merrie England," with the aid of an army of politically appointed amateur officials to teach our farmers their business, the best brains in the party, amongst whom undoubtedly were Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. Runciman, refused flatly to have anything to do with such socialistic illusions. The farmers will have none of it, and the country will give it as short shrift as the preposterous proposals for nationalization submitted to the coal commission by the mis-representatives of the miners. Lord Oxford may deny that Liberalism is seeking an alliance with Labour as emphatically as he declared that nothing would induce him to allow a Conservative Government to retain office in 1924. Mr. Lloyd George already admits that the 1924 tactics were a mistake, and we have the best reason to believe that, for all Lord Oxford's heroics, his decision then hung on a thread which, could it have been postponed even for forty-eight hours, would have broken.

Sir Alfred Mond

IT was obvious that a sinking Liberal Party vainly clutching at Socialist straws could not much longer hope to retain the services of a man of Sir Alfred Mond's calibre. In the great debate on Mr. Snowden's motion in favour of Socialism, Sir Alfred Mond easily outshone any of the

speakers from either the Conservative or Liberal Benches in the destructive cogency of his criticism. He stripped every rag from the Socialist spectre, and left it shivering in its bones. While his personal loyalty to Mr. Lloyd George had stood the test of defeat, he can fairly claim a standard of political consistency which could no longer be expected to tolerate the trickery and tergiversation of the Liberal leaders. His defection on the ground of their socialistic land policy is but another inevitable step toward the ultimate consolidation of political parties into two distinct camps, Socialist and anti-Socialist. Others will soon follow.

Since a man who bears himself like a gentleman generally has the best of one who sneers like a cad, it is interesting to compare Mr. Lloyd George's remark that the "real reason" of Sir Alfred Mond's decision was "that the Liberal party offered poor prospects for an ambitious man. Like another notorious member of his race, he has gone 'to his own place,'" with Sir Alfred's rejoinder: "Mr. Lloyd George has never had a more staunch, a more loyal friend and supporter. Whatever he chooses to say about me, I shall not recriminate."

Free State Finance

In November last we drew attention to the insolvency of the Irish Free State and to its obscure methods of presenting its accounts. We need hardly say that in so doing we were not actuated by any desire to help the Republican campaign in Ireland, although having scarcely more confidence in the nominal supporters of the Treaty, than in the openly avowed Republicans—*arcades ambo*. It is amusing, therefore, to find that Mr. de Valera and his Republican organ, An Phoblacht (The Republic), have seized upon and widely quoted our strictures on Free State Finance as independent evidence of the inevitable collapse of the Government. On this point we are for once in entire agreement with Mr. de Valera. Should he, however, succeed in his effort to replace the "Treaty" Government by a Republic, he may, indeed, "liberate" Ireland once and for all, but only so that the Valerian Republic may follow the Free State into the dustheap of Lloyd Georgian futilities. Not until that happens, and

Southern Ireland is again an integral part of Great Britain, will she regain her freedom and prosperity. Meanwhile we have received letters from Major Bryan Cooper and Mrs. Collins-O'Driscoll, members of the Dail, protesting against our criticism. After quoting our statement:

> The national accounts are presented in a form worthy only of an insolvent South American Republic. They show cash receipts and expenditure, but no liabilities. They are vouched for only by a committee of members of the Government. Demands by a few independent members of the Senate and the Dail that the accounts should be professionally audited have been refused on the ground that the country could not afford the expense,

Major Cooper writes:

> These statements are entirely at variance with the facts. The procedure of the Irish Free State with regard to financial matters has been almost exactly assimilated to that in force in Great Britain. . . The accounts are audited by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, who was formerly on the staff of a well-known firm of Dublin accountants. They are then submitted to a committee appointed by the Dail. So far from being "a committee of Members of the Government," only five of the twelve members of this committee belong to the Government Party; the Chairman is the leader of the Labour Party, and it includes another Labour member, a member of the "National Group," two of the Farmer's Party, and two Independents, of whom I am one.

Major Cooper claims that this Committee of Public Accounts has all the powers enjoyed by the similar committee of the British House of Commons, and states that he has never heard of a demand for any other form of audit. Mrs. Collins-O'Driscoll writes in very similar terms.

In reply, we regret to have to point out that our correspondents have missed all the essential parts of our criticism. We drew no comparison between the nominal methods of accounting adopted in the Free State and in Great Britain. It is not suggested, nor is there the least reason to suppose, that the British national accounts are either consciously "cooked," or carelessly inaccurate. Having regard, moreover, to the vastly greater volume of British State turnover and national resources, the carrying forward, or holding up of, say, three or four or five odd millions would have no appreciable effect since it would average itself within a couple of years.

It could hardly affect taxation, and still less bring our solvency into question. But the Free State is in an

entirely different position. A concealed deficit or accumulating liability of even three or four millions would soon produce a sharp crisis. It is for this reason and not, as we shall show, without good cause, that the demand has been made for *independent* audit. Major Cooper properly corrects the inaccuracy of the statement that the committee consists of members of the Government when in fact it includes members of other parties. But the point is not really material, and it would have been more interesting if he had addressed himself to the essence of our criticism as set out in four pages of the REVIEW. We have no knowledge of the individual members of the committee, but we should be surprised to learn that any of them were especially distinguished by knowledge and experience of national finance. Talleyrand said that language is given to us to conceal our thoughts. The average shareholder, considering even the professionally audited accounts of many a public company, may well be excused for the belief that figures were given to directors to conceal facts.

The truth, however, remains that while inexpert shareholders may be befogged and professional auditors extend considerable latitude to directors in minimizing recognizable profits (such being an error on the safe side), they will, at least, insist upon disclosure of all liabilities actual or contingent. Since we wrote in November, the largest liability of the Free State, namely the £150,000,000 (capitalized sum) due to Great Britain, which, as long as it existed, placed its insolvency beyond question, has been remitted by the generosity of the British Government. With almost any other people than the Sinn Feiners (Treaty or Republican) one might hope that the lifting of this burden would lead to a reasonable prospect of equilibrium. Yet the facts and the publicly expressed views of Irishmen remain nearly as hopeless. The liability to England had, indeed, never been regarded seriously by anyone except as an impediment to further Free State borrowing. Since, however, our views are regarded in Ireland as prejudiced, we will quote a few native Irish opinions at least as damaging to the illusion of Irish prosperity and solvency as anything we have written.

Irish Witnesses

Two remarkable speeches were reported in the *Irish Times* on January 10, 1925, one by Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, and one by Mr. John Dillon, under the ominous caption—

HIGHEST TAXES IN EUROPE.

Both declared (to quote the *Irish Times*) that the high taxation was crippling the country, and that unless drastic measures for economy were taken bankruptcy was inevitable.

Mr. O'Donnell pointed out that while England governed this country the complaint was that the cost was extravagant, that taxation was so high as to leave little free capital available for industrial development, that the number of boards and officials was grossly in excess of the needs, and neither intended nor calculated to forward the welfare of the nation.

That was the universal complaint of Irish statesmen for fifty years. In 1896 an Imperial Commission found that Ireland was overtaxed to the extent of 2¾ million pounds per annum, yet all that Ireland raised in that year in taxation was 8 millions. In 1914 the taxation was raised to 10½ millions.

The cost of governing, not the whole of Ireland, but of the twenty-six counties during the three years since the Treaty was: For the year ending March 31, 1923, £31,394,030; for the year ending March 31, 1924, £35,250,000; for the year ending March 31, 1925, £36,846,273.

In 1914 the value of Irish exports was £74,000,000, and they paid one-seventh of export in taxation. In 1920 the total value of exports was £204,000,000, and the cost of Government was only £29,000,000, or one-seventh. In the year ended March, 1924, the value of the Free State exports was only £44,000,000, and yet they had to support an establishment which cost £35,000,000. The value of everything exported from the Free State during the nine months ended September 30 last would only just pay the estimated national expenditure for the current year—£37,000,000. These facts were so crushing that even the most reckless spendthrift in national affairs must realize that they were fast approaching the time when the great bulk of the nation's income would be spent in maintaining official establishments. The total exports for the ten months ended October 31, 1924, amounted to £39,990,000, and of these the agricultural produce was £31,000,000. Of the £39,990,000 exported, England bought £33,761,000 worth, and Northern Ireland bought £5,512,000.

With an export trade bringing in £204,000,000 in 1920, taxes were not felt, but when the same taxes had to be paid out of an export of 40 or 45 millions £ per annum—when, in fact, their national expenditure absorbed the whole income which the State derived from its exports during the nine best months of the year, then it was clear they were travelling at express speed on the road towards national bankruptcy and industrial ruin.

Mr. John Dillon contrasted the clarity of Mr. O'Donnell's paper with speeches on the subject from ministers in the Dail. It appeared to him that the one great merit of the ministers who addressed that

assembly was that they had an infinite capacity for the art of the smoke-screen. He had been warning business men and bankers for the last two years that they were living in a fool's paradise. He thought that conditions of things was now coming home to everybody. He really thought Mr. O'Donnell had underrated the case. The inevitable result of the extravagant taxation would be that the produce of the taxation in the country would shrink. It was swollen this year by ruthless collection of arrears.

"The old Irish Party had been accused of 'bossing,'" he added, "but I never thought I would live to see what is going on to-day under an Irish Government. When we look back on the days we were oppressed under England, it would look like paradise if we got the same kind of oppression now. The truth is they are killing the goose for the golden egg. We are face to face with a desperate financial situation."

He could not, he confessed, understand how the country was going to continue to support its population, even in a state of semi-starvation and poverty, unless some great change took place. All the talk of opening up Embassies with Germany, Italy, and France was the greatest folly, and he did not believe they would realize from them one-twentieth part of the expenses of these Embassies for many years to come. Their fate as a nation would be decided—whether they would be bankrupt or not—long before they could open up markets outside England, their next-door neighbour.

Dealing with the system of issuing public accounts, he said he had a very strong suspicion that the people were being misled, and were not getting clear and definite information as to the state of the country's finances. He referred to one item. They saw continuously in the published accounts of the Free State receipts "Land Annuities," and there was no corresponding item on the expenses side. The land annuities were all due to the British Treasury—they were British loans—and that money did not belong to Ireland at all. What he suspected was that the Irish Government said to England: "We are in a fix. We cannot get on if you make us pay our debts, and if you press us too hard we will get out and allow Mr. de Valera to come in." If that were so, they were in a worse position than Mr. O'Donnell had described.

"Not," he added, "a very glorious result of all the bloodshed and horror that had been let loose on this country." When these gentlemen were charged with extravagance, and not balancing the Budget, they always fell back on the destruction wrought in the country during the civil war. They exaggerated grossly the sum they had to pay. Up to the present they had only paid five millions. "These men," he added, "have no right to claim exemption from responsibility for that destruction. The men who started this policy are responsible for every man who lost his life, and for every bit of destruction. The policy they had started—of violence, the gun-man—had come back like a boomerang."

The greatest extravagance of all, he said, was the standing army. A standing army in a time like this was nothing short of a crime, and an act of insanity. He feared the country would have to pass through worse stages before it commenced to mend, and a very considerable time must elapse before the people were thoroughly awake to the

results of the policy of the last five years. It had brought the country into a horrible morass of difficulty and povery and demoralization. He did not believe it was within the power of any man at that moment to unite the Irish people, or to bring them within measurable distance of union. The only thing that would do it—he was sorry to say it—would be suffering. They had brought it on their own heads; time would, perhaps, produce a man, when the people had come to realize what the policy of the last five years meant, who would lead them to a better land.

In a remarkable speech delivered in the Senate on November 28, 1923, Sir John Keane, whose article on "Public Accountancy," in the current *Edinburgh Review*, establishes his claim to speak with authority, said:

The present accounting system, I think, is generally known as purely on a cash basis. All the Minister receives in the year, whether it arises from the previous year or not, is brought into that year's revenue, and similarly with regard to expenditure, we are merely confined to that year . . . it . . . in no way represents what a commercial business calls revenue and expenditure accounts.

There is no method in the accounts which shows the amount or the nature of the outstanding liability. If anything is outstanding, if debts are due and not paid, they pass on again into the next account, and neither the Minister for Finance, the Legislature, nor the citizens have any knowledge of the fact from the public accounts.

In the course of the same debate, Senator Jameson said:

Parliamentary control of expenditure is not efficient, and is not the sort of control we would expect from any Board of Directors to whom we entrusted the management of our affairs in any company in which we were interested.

The Concern of the British Taxpayer

Our only comment on these speeches is that, since they were made, the financial situation of the Free State has become decidedly worse (apart from the remission of the liability to Great Britain). As Mr. Dillon said, the revenue of 1924 had been swollen by previously unheard of severity in the collection of tax arrears. But with a serious shrinkage in taxable capacity, even greater severity will produce less result. In many country districts rates and taxes are heavily in arrear. Many farmers simply cannot pay. Some County Councils are bankrupt. The banks refuse them fresh overdrafts and dishonour their cheques. Road works are at a standstill because there is no money for wages, and ordinary current liabilities

cannot be met. As we stated in November, the British tax-payer will soon be concerned as the guarantor of interest and sinking fund on Irish Land stocks which, in many cases, cannot be collected from the farmer occupiers of the land. If, in addition, as Mr. Dillon fears, such money as is collected is appropriated to meet the urgent needs of the Free State Government and does not, in fact, find its way to the British Treasury, a very serious situation arises. We do not allege that this is the case, but an *independent* audit would either confirm or dispel the disturbing doubt. Meanwhile, in the true Free State spirit of make-believe, it is hoped to divert attention from the spectre of bankruptcy by the minting of a new coinage!

The Claims of Irish Loyalists

OUR comment in January upon the Irish settlement and the plight of the Southern Irish Loyalists has brought us many letters corroborating the statement that they have been shamefully left in the lurch by the British Government. We promised to return to the subject this month, with detailed evidence in support of our indictment of the Government, but in view of the fact that Lord Dunedin's Committee of Enquiry into the question of compensation to Southern Loyalists did not meet until January 20, and that its recommendations and the British Government's decision thereon have not been made public, we have thought it right to treat the question as *sub judice*, and to defer further reference to it until the result is known.

Ex-President Raymond Poincaré will contribute an article on "The Parliamentary Régime in France" to our next number.

Mr. Baldwin on the Roman Empire

By Ernest Remnant

Only such peoples interest us, Spartans, Romans, Saracens, English, Americans, who have stood in the jaws of need, and have by their own wit and might extricated themselves, and made man victorious.—EMERSON.

WHEN, by what appeared to be but one of the accidents of politics, Mr. Baldwin stepped out of the ranks of secondary ministers into the Premiership of England, still the most honoured political office in the world, his quality was so little known that many doubted whether he could be of the stuff of which Prime Ministers are made. As time passed and he failed to employ those arts of self-advertisement or to make any of those familiar signs which indicate a desire to bid for popularity, doubts deepened but respect grew. The Cabinet and House of Commons, however, increasingly realized that here was not only a sincere man, but one who in debate and in council possessed a force of character by which he could impress his policy upon his colleagues and even, sometimes, upon his opponents. There was an independence of thought, an indifference to cheaply-won applause, a directness and clarity of expression, which rose above the common level of political controversy and compelled deference. While his character and his ability thus gradually disclosed themselves in the routine course of administration and debate, there came a series of self-revealing speeches at intervals of a few months, each carrying his reputation to a higher point, and culminating in his address as President of the Classical Association, on January 8. If, unfortunately, caviare to the general, this last speech has definitely placed the Prime Minister amongst that select band of Englishmen, inspired by noble purpose and with vision reaching to the wider horizon of the classics, who have emerged from the ranks of minor politicians to direct our policy on to a higher plane than that of mere party polemics.

Mr. Baldwin's modest disclaimer of classical erudition, and his confession that he was not independent of the crutches of lexicon and grammar, could not disguise the fact that he had drunk so deeply of the Pierian spring as

still to find in it an inspiration guiding his outlook upon life and shaping even the form of his expression. Probably no merely academic defence of classical study in recent years has so effectively served the cause of the Classical Association as this simple avowal of Mr. Baldwin, that he regards it as the most valuable part of his equipment in the task of governing England. The truth of one of his opening remarks, "that the statesman must be steeped to the lips in the historical sense," if generally perceived, would lamentably thin the ranks of "statesmen" in most countries. Too many of our own claimants to that title imagine history to have begun with the Reform Bill of 1832, the precursor of universal suffrage, while some suppose that as the millennium first came into sight with the Sankey Report, the preceding dark ages are not worth the attention of enlightened moderns. The scorn of the past affected by the "forward-lookers" is doubtless accentuated by the fact that it so cruelly refutes all their theories.

Notwithstanding his statement that "our task is hard enough, but it will be accomplished," Mr. Baldwin's analysis of the foundations of the Roman Empire, and his comparison of it with ours of to-day, are more monitory than reassuring. He justly asserts that it was based upon character, and as truly attributes its fall to the decadence of that character. Here he is on firm ground promising accurate comparison and illuminating deduction. But here I would venture to suggest that Mr. Baldwin, in his definition of Roman character by the two words *pietas* and *gravitas*, has missed a third essential characteristic without which the two former would have been unavailing to create and maintain an empire, then or now, namely, *virtus*. No choice of interpretation, ranging from martial valour to personal qualities of moral strength or civic rectitude, can avoid the etymological significance of the word "virility." Roman law, sense of duty to family and State, and deference to authority, all were based upon the sternest and most virile code of conduct inexorably enforced by the rulers and accepted by the people. *Virtus* was the cement that held together the splendid structure of the Roman Empire. Not until it weakened did the stones loosen and finally collapse in ruin.

The slow, insidious, but inevitable stages by which this decay ate into the very fibre of the Roman character are so well known, and so clearly defined, that they need hardly be recited. Mr. Baldwin named some of them: the disproportionate aggregation of the population in cities, the growth of immense luxury, and the exhaustion of the permanent source of wealth, agriculture. The artificial conditions needlessly created ended in the concentration of a vast population in Rome, over 75 per cent. alien, fed by *imported* corn, and resulted in the ultimate ruin and depopulation of the country districts. The gradual demoralization of the Roman populace was completed not by *circenses*, but actually by doles and pensions similar to those distributed in England to-day. No wonder that in the end the old Roman character, the *virtus*, decayed. Tribunes and leaders became demagogues, and a virile disciplined population degenerated into a parasitical rabble as unwilling to work as unable to fight. Thus came about the downfall of the original strong, clean stock, a truly Imperial race.

The British is the only other race comparable with the Roman; and if we are to draw analogies between the two Empires, if we are to attempt to diagnose the ills from which we are suffering in the light of knowledge of those which destroyed our predecessor, we must honestly and fearlessly face the essential fact, which is that moral weakness gradually undermined the Roman character until it could no longer direct and maintain an Empire. Following the ruthless law of Nature the degenerated stock was overcome by the more vigorous northern barbarians.

In Mr. Baldwin's words, "it would almost appear that the human stock is like the stock of fruit trees where the best kinds tend to work themselves out after many generations of useful and productive service." After quoting Dr. Mackail as saying that in the end there were not enough Romans left to carry on the work of Rome, Mr. Baldwin gave expression to a fear, which has haunted many minds, "that the Great War, by the destruction of our best lives in such numbers, has not left enough of the breed to carry on the work of the Empire."

There can thus be no doubt that the Prime Minister is more than dimly conscious of danger. He realizes it. His sincerity and his indifference to popularity should prevent him from being an opportunist. His knowledge of history, in spite of his temperamental inclination to idealism, should make him a realist. He must, however, know that terrible as was the sacrifice of our best stock in the War, it is not exhausted even at home, while the race can renew its youth from good British stock overseas. The only ground for anxiety, and it is indeed grave, is the undoubted deterioration of the morale, the *virtus*, of our population owing to causes almost identical with those which destroyed Rome and which Mr. Baldwin was returned to power to eradicate.

These are the demoralization of the character of the people and the destruction of healthy conditions of national life by:—

1 doles and subsidies;
2 subversive and seditious propaganda, largely of alien origin;
3 monstrously excessive public expenditure;
4 the unnatural growth of urban at the expense of agricultural population.

Any English statesman who fails squarely to face these problems, and to deal with them drastically, has not learned the lesson of Rome, but is following the example of the Roman rulers who drifted to destruction.

Mr. Baldwin is, certainly, hampered by pledges which render it difficult for him to give the legislative aid to agriculture he would doubtless wish to give. He has now, however, promised to break the tyranny of the Building Trades Union in Scotland. If he will follow by equally strong action in regard to the fatal Trades Disputes Act and the Coal Industry, he will rally such support to his leadership that he will be able to get a mandate to save agriculture. (By saving agriculture I mean, of course, keeping a considerable agricultural population on the land, not cattle ranching.)

Then, like a Fabricius, without any reward but the esteem of his countrymen, or a Cincinnatus, Mr. Baldwin will doubtless desire to return to his farm, his library, and the Classics.

Cardinal Mercier

Memoir

By Professor Charles Sarolea

WITH the late Cardinal Mercier there passes away one of the master spirits of the age. An English reader familiar with recent ecclesiastical history will be naturally inclined to compare him with other two princes of the Roman Catholic Church—Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning. And he will better understand the supreme greatness and originality of the Belgian churchman when he realizes that he united in his person the opposite and almost contradictory gifts of his English predecessors, that he combined the greatness of the man of thought with the greatness of the man of action. For, like Newman, he was pre-eminently a thinker and a theologian, and his philosophical treatises have become text-books in a hundred universities. But, like Manning, he was also an ecclesiastical statesman, an unrivalled diplomat, and he successfully challenged the most formidable military power in the day of its triumph and terrorism.

Desiré Mercier was born seventy-five years ago in the close neighbourhood of the battlefield of Waterloo, of a good but impoverished middle-class family. He was brought up by his widowed mother together with six brothers and sisters, and he quickly matured under the invigorating discipline of life tempered by the gentle affections of a Christian home. Although, like most Belgians, he was of mixed French-Flemish breed, he was a Walloon by language and education, a circumstance which was to play an important part in the closing years of his life, and which was to alienate from him a considerable section of the 3,000 Flemish clergy of his diocese, blinded by racial hatred.

At an early age he entered the seminary of Malines and later the University of Louvain. In the congenial surroundings of those two ancient cathedral cities he spent the whole of his life. Louvain, until the end, remained his spiritual home. Its destruction at the beginning of the war was a staggering blow. Its restoration after the war remained his cherished purpose. He lived long enough to see it an accomplished fact.

It was as a professor of philosophy that at an early date his name came into prominence. More than any other man he was responsible for that remarkable revival

of the medieval scholastic philosophy which owes its inception to one of the greatest of modern popes, Leo XIII. When he began his activities, scholasticism was still a byword to the official philosopher. A schoolman was synonymous with an obscurantist. Duns Scotus, the "Doctor Subtilis," the wonder of his age, was supposed to have contributed nothing to the progress of human thought; nothing, indeed, but the insulting nickname "dunce" to the vituperative vocabulary of the English language. Before Mercier had left his university, scholastic philosophy had been rehabilitated and restored to a position of honour, and the "Summa" of the "Angelic Doctor" was recognized even by the unbelieving rationalist as one of the supreme monuments of speculative genius. To-day there is hardly an up-to-date department of philosophy which does not try to do justice to Aquinas. In this connection it is interesting to note that even in Edinburgh, in the holy city of Calvinism, in the University of John Knox, Saint Thomas has found an enthusiastic disciple in the present professor of moral philosophy.

But Professor Mercier was not content with reviving the teaching of the scholastics. He did not rest until he had insured the future of the movement by founding the "Revue Néo-Scholastique," a new philosophical journal for the diffusion of his doctrines, and by organizing the Institut de Saint Thomas d'Aquin, which for thirty years has attracted students from all parts of the world.

It was the foundation and the conspicuous success of the Institute which drew to the young Belgian priest the attention of Pope Leo XIII. Between these two eminent men there existed elective affinities; they were kindred spirits. Like Mercier, Leo XIII had the universal mind, he was the representative humanist of the Catholic renascence. He was the first to discover in the professor of Louvain a great leader of men. And when, in 1907, the Metropolitan See of Belgium became vacant, Mercier was raised almost simultaneously to the exalted office of Archbishop Primate of Malines and to the dignity of Cardinal of the Church.

Considerable surprise was felt at the time by this sudden promotion and by this disregard of the usual traditions of the Roman hierarchy. But not only was there surprise, there was also considerable apprehension that a professor of philosophy, however distinguished,

might be unfitted by the speculative bent of his mind, and might prove unequal to the tremendous responsibilities of a diocese of 2,500,000 souls. The apprehension was soon dispelled. Mercier was a born organizer. He carried into his new sphere the clearness of vision, the wide sympathy, the missionary zeal which had made him an inspiring force in Louvain. He was not a modernist, as is sufficiently proved by his famous reply to Father Tyrrell, but he was essentially modern and almost American in his methods. He established the study of theology on a firm foundation of exact science. No churchman could have been more wide-awake to every need of the times. Under his benevolent and enlightened reign at Malines a new generation of priests was trained, and there dawned a new era for Belgian Catholicism.

Until 1914 Mercier had only been a conspicuous figure in the Catholic Church. At the outbreak of the war, he emerged as one of the heroic figures of world history. When the German armies entered Belgium, when the Government had gone into exile, when the King had left to command his little army, the Belgian people were like a flock without a shepherd, with the wolves in possession of the fold. Cardinal Mercier for four years was the ideal shepherd. He at once organized multitudinous works of relief and charity. He kept up the spirit of his people and challenged every abuse of the German conquerors. Cynics who are always inclined to belittle the part which is played by great men, remind us that there was not much personal risk for a Prince of the Church in defying the German Government. Those cynics forget that Napoleon did not hesitate to imprison even a saintly and popular pope. They forget that Bismarck did not hesitate to fling into prison any cardinal who opposed his iron will. They also forget that when we glorify the Cardinal we do not think of the personal risks which he incurred, any more than he himself would have thought of such risks. We admire him for the superb dignity with which he vindicated the outraged rights of humanity, for the indomitable faith which he maintained even in the darkest hour. We admire him for his infinite patience, for his consummate tact and resourcefulness. To confound the sceptics we may add, that he has left behind him an enduring monument of his activities in the correspondence which he exchanged with successive governors-general of the German Empire. I do not know in the

whole range of historical literature of any more impressive State papers than those two wonderful volumes of letters and speeches, not even the letters of Cardinal d'Ossat to Henry IV, or the letters of Talleyrand to Louis XVIII. Even the most bigoted anti-clerical who ignorantly assumes that in the eternally recurring struggle between the temporal and the spiritual powers, the Roman Catholic Church has generally been on the side of the oppressor, even such an anti-clerical will be compelled to admit that on this occasion at least the spiritual power was on the side of freedom.

With the conclusion of the war, Cardinal Mercier stood out before the world together with King Albert, as one of the two protagonists in the Belgian tragedy. It is a sad reflection on modern Parliamentary political institutions that neither the soldier King, because of constitutional precedents and limitations, nor the great Cardinal, because of a deeply-rooted anti-clerical suspicion, were allowed to take any part in the peace negotiations and in the framing of the Treaty. If they had been allowed to take their proper share, no one can reasonably doubt that the Versailles Congress would have resulted in a very different settlement and in a more enduring peace.

For the Cardinal was, by temperament as well as by principle, a man of conciliation and goodwill. He reminds one of Cardinal Fisher, or of gentle Cardinal Pole, rather than of Cardinal Wolsey. I do not think that I am betraying any confidence when I reveal that His Eminence, at an early period after the Armistice, opened unsuccessful negotiations with the Archbishop of Cologne to induce him, as a first step towards reconciliation, to make a public admission of the guilt of the German Government. "As Christians, we are enjoined," the Cardinal said to me at the time, "to forgive the penitent sinner, but as Christians we are forbidden to forgive the obdurate sinner who does not repent and who refuses to confess."

The Cardinal showed his passionate love of peace after the Armistice in his pathetic endeavours to compose the bitter racial and linguistic feuds between Flemings and Walloons, which was one of the fatal legacies of the German occupation. He showed his love of peace in his no less persistent endeavours for the union of the Christian Churches; he showed it in the famous "Conversations of Malines," which have done so much to break down prejudices between Anglicans and Roman Catholics.

He showed his love of peace in the absorbing interest which he took in the reunion of the Western and Oriental communions. As recently as last September he presided at Brussels over an impressive congress where bishops and missionaries from every Oriental community met. It was the most momentous gathering of its kind since the ill-fated Council of Florence in the fifteenth century.

But although Cardinal Mercier was pre-eminently a man of peace, although no man living would have deserved better to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, he was not the man to purchase peace at any cost. There was nothing in him of the pacifist or of the passive resister. He was prepared to prefer even the horrors of war to the blessings of peace where the cause of Christianity and Civilization was at stake. He was inspired with the Crusading spirit of a Saint Bernard or a Saint Louis. He revealed this spirit when he fought German tyranny. He revealed it no less after the war when he started his great fight against Bolshevism. He called upon his people to counter the Bolshevist menace. I had the great privilege of being closely associated with His Eminence in his anti-Bolshevist campaign. It was at his instance that my Russian articles, which first appeared in the "Scotsman," were published and circulated in Belgium. And it will always remain to me a source of melancholy gratification that when his strength was already beginning to fail, the last literary labour from his pen should have been a special article which he contributed to the ENGLISH REVIEW on my "Impressions of Soviet Russia."

Cardinal Mercier was not only an eloquent writer, he was also an effective and brilliant speaker. And the effect of his oratory was enhanced by a majestic presence and an ascetic countenance. A few years ago, I was entrusted by the Senatus of the University of Edinburgh with the duty of presenting to His Eminence the Diploma of Doctor of Laws. I still remember the profound impression which his extempore address on Anglo-Belgian friendship produced on all the members of the British deputation.

In private life he was a genial host, a delightful conversationalist, sparkling with humour. I can recall many a cheerful and witty talk at his hospitable table in the old days at Louvain and in more recent years at Malines. He was the soul of kindness and charity. It is owing to his initiative and generosity that 200 Russian

students found a refuge and a home in little Belgium. Nor did any one ever suggest that his charity was tainted with missionary zeal or that he tried to exercise any pressure to tempt away the beneficiaries of his bounty from their allegiance to the Greek-Orthodox Church.

Although Cardinal Mercier was a Catholic Churchman to the core of his being, he was essentially a big-minded and tolerant Churchman. But with all his tolerance he never yielded on a question of principle. He once asked me to conduct a very delicate negotiation with the University of Glasgow. The Senatus Academicus had conferred upon him the honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity. My eminent friend was cruelly embarrassed, and he requested me to explain as diplomatically as possible why he could not accept the high honour. The authorities protested that the University was not a Protestant institution, and that, indeed, it owed its foundation to the Bull of a pope. The Cardinal humorously replied that since the days of Pope Nicholas a rather important change had supervened, called the Reformation. The authorities did not see his point. The quaint incident illustrates the difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic conceptions of toleration. To a Catholic, toleration is the desire to co-operate in all good works with his Protestant brethren, notwithstanding fundamental differences of principles. To a Protestant, toleration means the refusal to admit that any such fundamental distinctions exist. In that negative and neutral sense, Cardinal Mercier certainly did not believe in toleration.

Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi! There is no break or intermission in the succession of the apostolic office, no more than there is in the succession of the kingly office. The faithful servant has done his work and that work must be carried on. Why, then, should we mourn his loss? Should we not rather be grateful for the priceless gift of so noble a life? What the Cardinal accomplished will live after him and will prove an inspiration to future generations. He has joined the Choir Invisible and the Church Triumphant. He has left us the rich legacy of his example. His ascetic and smiling presence will continue to radiate and diffuse sweetness and light. We shall best show our appreciation and gratitude by proving worthy of his virtues, by remaining loyal to the causes which he championed, and by bearing witness to the eternal verities which he preached.

Economics and Finance in France and Europe

By Joseph Caillaux

(Ex-Minister of Finance in France.)

No one needs to be told that the financial and economic systems of the nations of Europe have been capsized by the World War. Even the countries which remained neutral have suffered from the repercussions of the cataclysm.

But though the storm swept the Continent, only in the case of the actual belligerents has its effects been radical and lasting. To those countries, victors and vanquished alike, the damage has been grave.

On the east, Russia has collapsed. Despite her efforts to recover herself she is still tottering. As far as can be gathered from the scanty and often contradictory information at our disposal the Union of Soviet Republics has not so far found an economic formula which, without doing too grievous violence to the ideals of the ascendant party, will enable her to develop and reconstruct production, and fit her economic system into that of the individualistic countries which surround the former Empire of the Tsars.

Will Russia succeed in reincorporating herself in Europe, or will she become more and more separated from it until she becomes the head of an Asiatic Federation and a possible rival of the League of Nations? The answer to that question is the secret of the future. All that can be said for the present is that she remains attached to Europe by the weakest of political ties.

All the other nations of Europe, while feeling the need for solidarity, while trying spasmodically to unite, are still dazed by the storm. Here there is financial disorder, there economic disorder; and it really seems that countries only escape from the one evil to fall into the other.

The tug-of-war between financial stability and economic stability seems, in fact, to be one of the characteristics of this formidable crisis, which, unparalleled in its scope and significance, oppresses the world.

What is the why and wherefore of this paradox?

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Before 1914 the world was on an even keel because capitalism had been able to work out its own organization and that of the world in an atmosphere of serenity. There had been no world upheaval between the end of the Napoleonic wars and the outbreak of the Great War. During that period the only elements of trouble had been a few short wars, far apart, together with various political—and purely political—revolutions. There had been nothing to compromise or seriously retard the tremendous industrial development which resulted from the inventions of the nineteenth century. This movement spread out over the world, and as it gained ground it brought the nations which it conquered to the same economic level. Moreover, as no nation was burdened with too heavy a debt, inequalities of wealth produced no striking financial disparity between nation and nation. Everything tended, or seemed to tend, towards a balanced stability and the levelling up of the economic map of the world.

This state of affairs was upset by the war of 1914, brought about, in part, by frenzied competition, by the greed of markets, by appetites and passions which, in the days of tumultuous expansion, people had omitted to curb by means of some system of co-ordination of which the great State banks might have been the pivot.

The war isolated the nations for years, and made them supply out of their own resources the greater part of their needs. Artificially created industries grew up nearly everywhere. In a phrase which I have already used, and which has been given some currency, every country set out to become a self-sufficing country of "all-work."

Belligerents, in order to meet the demands of the struggle, contracted at the same time immense debts, the service of which was bound to involve very heavy taxation. That was the end of the levelling up of the economic map which very soon began to be covered with gigantic irregularities.

These irregularities clearly prevent, or at least complicate, the give-and-take of intercourse. They ought to have been, they must be, obliterated, if the wide stream of exchange upon which economic health depends is to be re-established.

Two means can be simultaneously employed toward that end: on the one hand the equalization of debts and co-relation of fiscal systems: on the other hand the creation of commercial understandings regarding questions of raw material and of markets even to the extent of a division of industry between the nations.

Unfortunately every other method except those just mentioned has been tried.

Instead of starting upon a process of economic and financial house-cleaning, which would doubtless have imposed sacrifices, though petty sacrifices, upon everyone, the nations have scrambled back into their shells of stupid selfishness. They have imagined that they would secure their own salvation by ignoring their neighbours. They have brought about their own ruin, at least, for the moment.

What does it all mean?

It means that the nations whose finances had been hardest hit, and whose economic system had been subjected to the severest strain, have undergone a slump in their exchanges by which their economic position as compared with that of other nations is expressed. Nevertheless, while their currency was going to pieces, and because it went to pieces, their industries, and especially their artificially created industries, enjoyed a boom which was singularly prejudicial to their neighbours —a phenomenon often demonstrated and easy to explain.

A country whose currency has lost value produces more cheaply than its rivals, so long as its domestic prices have not adjusted themselves to the depreciation of its currency, because the wages it pays in paper of a supposedly stable purchasing power become, in actual fact, smaller. Even when the relation of currency and prices has been readjusted, and when wages have returned to their normal value, the industry of a country with a depreciated currency still has an advantage: it repays the money which it has borrowed, its funded obligations, in paper of reduced value.

Competitors who have maintained or re-established healthy currency conditions are naturally injured. The fall of the exchange puts a premium upon exportation by their rivals; their industries suffer; their blast furnaces and their fires are put out, business comes

to a standstill, and a part of the working population is condemned to idleness.

Nations, however, whose currency has withered do not remain indefinitely in the state described above. Sooner or later force of circumstances re-establishes their exchanges. An industrial crisis then succeeds the financial crisis because their producers lose the markets which a depreciated currency had opened to them. This second crisis is of limited gravity if the restoration of the currency has taken place naturally, that is to say if legislation is allowed to intervene only to register the stability of values after it has been noticeable for an adequate period. It assumes, on the contrary, formidable dimensions when, for one reason or another, the Government is not wise enough to wait, when it decrees hastily a return to a sound currency without having felt with sufficient care the pulse of the country. In any case, the nations of old Europe will vibrate between financial and economic ill-health for a long time to come unless that *rapprochement* between them, as desirable as it is uncertain, can be brought about.

The plight of France, examined in detail, will at once illustrate this thesis, and will lay bare all the difficulties, for the most part of political or psychological origin, with which a great and victorious people are forcibly confronted when their rulers are slack in sounding the alarm and when they fail to drive home the historical truth that *victors in war are often destroyed by finance.*

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To understand how France has reached the delicate situation—I will not put it more strongly than that—in which she finds herself, one must bear in mind the defects of one of the greatest qualities of the Gallic race. The extraordinary ability of the Frenchman to save has been justly praised; but people have failed to notice that this very hunger for economy renders him who is affected by it so careful of his private interests that he is tempted to ignore the interests of the State.

The financial and economic history of France bears witness to the coexistence of an uninterrupted process of private saving with a tendency towards carelessness in the administration of the funds of the community.

Was it not Arthur Young, the English writer, who, after travelling in France at the end of the eighteenth century, and, after finding her in the full swing of prosperity, expressed his surprise that the existence of a deficit of a hundred million francs was not the least of the causes of the Revolution? He observed, with great justice, that even for those days the sum was insignificant, and that only a slight national effort was needed to balance the Budget. But the privileged classes clung tightly to their prerogatives. They would yield nothing. It was the same with the provinces and the places to which the kings had granted freedom from taxation—these exemptions depending only upon the caprices of the sovereign. It needed a great national movement to break up all those abuses, and at the same time, as they were swept away by the torrent, lawful rights, such as those of the holders of State Securities, were painfully destroyed.

There was nothing new in this story. The old monarchy of France was never able to free itself from its perennial financial embarrassments save by the abuse of the rights of its creditors.

Then came the nineteenth century, Parliamentary Government, and now the Republic. The errors of the past were proscribed. Public finance was put in order; the obligations of the State were scrupulously fulfilled.

The debt which existed after the Revolution grew even after the wars of the Empire which Napoleon the First financed with the help of contributions from the vanquished. It grew too much. It had reached thirty milliards at the beginning of the twentieth century. That figure, it may be argued, was not exorbitant, nor did it increase during the twenty years which preceded the World War. But neither did it decrease. The efforts of the statesmen of the Republic who favoured a serious effort to amortize the debt met with stubborn opposition. It would be necessary, whispered the public, to increase taxation to the detriment of private incomes. What was the use of that? Let things continue as they were. The future would take care of itself. A counsel of weakness which, nevertheless, had the support of the public.

And then the war of the nations broke out!

The French people, not having formed in peace-time the habit of financial self-sacrifice, allowed themselves to be easily persuaded by the men at the head (who lacked the courage to tell them the brutal truth) that, to meet the cost of the war, it would be sufficient to borrow, that taxes would be increased, if it were necessary, later on.

A vast indebtedness was thus piled up—the French debt grew from thirty milliards to 550 milliards of francs —without its service being guaranteed by a corresponding increase of taxation.

Even then the situation would not have been so serious if, at the end of the war, the simple, but energetic decision necessary to the situation had been taken. Unfortunately, the country was merely provided with a formula which it was pleased to use as "eye-wash"; "Germany will pay."

Why, then, submit to heavy taxation? Were not our enemies under the obligation to meet the expenses of the reconstruction of the liberated districts of France? Were they not obliged—thanks to the intervention of the British negotiators at the Peace Treaty—to assume the payment of pensions to the victims of the war? Thus were two categories of payments—and important categories—eliminated. One could afford to borrow to repair the ruins wrought by the cataclysm, and to pay for the damage caused to the people and to their possessions. There was nothing inconvenient in that. Germany would repay. She was going to make over colossal sums. Mr. Lloyd George like Mr. Klotz, Lord Cunliffe like M. Loucheur, had guaranteed it. The German payments, according to these gentlemen, would be so huge, that there was no need to bother about expense. From beyond the Rhine showers of gold would fall over France.

Thus, caught in a snare of childish optimism, the nation paid little or no attention to the growth of a public debt which doubled in the post-war period between 1919 to 1924. From 150 milliards it went to 300 milliards of francs.

At the beginning of 1924 came a sharp awakening. The franc then took suddenly an unprecedented fall. It was realized at the same time that Germany would only pay a fraction of the sums which the people had been told

they were certain to receive. It had to be admitted that our allies or associates of yesterday intended to demand repayment of the debts which we had contracted during the war and in order to carry on the war. And this, after there had been hung in the gallery of untruths at the side of "Germany will pay" another legend: "There will be a remission of inter-allied debts."

Bankruptcy all along the line! I vaguely astonished my hearers when I proclaimed in speeches made in 1924 that the hour was about to strike of a great financial and economic penance.

At that moment came our general elections. The party which had been in power since 1919 was overturned. The Bloc des Gauches swept it away.

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It was a victory to which the financial issue had not contributed. The people felt, no doubt, that they had been deceived. They had a presentiment that the financial penance of which I had spoken was before them. But they had no idea of how severe it was to be.

They voted against the party, which in 1919 had been given a majority, because adventures like that of the Ruhr had not been worth while; because they wished to hear no more talk of such expeditions; because the very name of M. Poincaré at the head of the Government made them fear an era of provocation which war might bring to a fatal close.

The victorious candidates appreciated the financial distress of the country no better than their predecessors. For this they could be excused. Like the rest of the nation, they had been steeped in the atmosphere of illusions which men like M. Clémenceau and M. Poincaré, the standard-bearers of the Bloc National, had created. They had pledged themselves to easy promises: promises which involved the suppression of indirect taxation and an increase of expenditure.

The great mistake which they made, or rather which their representatives in the Government resulting from the triumph of May 11 caused them to make, lay in their failure to bring about immediately an honest and comprehensive balancing of the national finances. France, had the truth been set before her, would have freed

them from the pledges to which they had committed themselves.

They would have been able to turn to their constituents and to say to them, "We have been deceived as you were. Not only is it impossible for us to increase expenditure, as we had hoped to do: we shall even have to economize and to increase taxation."

The members of the Majority neglected this course and remained entangled in promises which they tried to perform. They increased the salaries of Government officials—a step which would have been thoroughly justified had it been balanced by retrenchment elsewhere. But there was no effort to economize. The pensions of war victims were raised to an extent justifiable so far as the disabled were concerned, but altogether excessive—I will not say more than that—in the case of young men whose capacity for work had scarcely been affected by their wounds.

On the other side of the page there was a fiscal effort that was insufficient, almost laughable indeed.

In vain, Finance Ministers, starting with the writer of this article, insisted upon the necessity of a large increase in receipts.

Parliament hesitated, twisted, and turned. It is still twisting and turning to-day. The country, which a few months ago was ready, or seemed to be ready, for great sacrifices, now appears to have somewhat retreated from that attitude. It reminds one of invalids who keep off the surgeon and his knife from their sick beds till the last moment.

I cannot, indeed, help thinking of the years which preceded the great Revolution, of the year 1787, when in three months three Finance Ministers were tried and found wanting, and people were surprised that none of them was able to conjure up some magic system whereby the debt would be wafted away and income swollen without it costing the tax-payer a penny.

The financial problem of 1926 is doubtless harder. It is not, however, insoluble. Far from it.

Let us see in what it consists and how it can be resolved.

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First of all there is the Debt. It amounts to three hundred milliards of francs—a terrifying total. But it must not be forgotten that it is a question of paper francs. In gold francs it is only sixty milliards, that is to say to only twice the pre-war debt.

State bankruptcy, you will say. An insidious bankruptcy brought on by the establishment of a fictitious relationship between paper money and gold money. That may be so. One cannot deny what is evident. On the other hand, it is useless to ignore the fact that when great tempests fall upon a people there must be victims. To save the nation, one must resign oneself to individual suffering, when a long series of mistakes have caused such suffering to be inevitable.

The debt, reduced by the currency depreciation, would be quite bearable if part of it did not consist of short-term commitments. Under the name of Bons de la Défense Nationale the State has issued paper amounting to 55 milliard francs, repayable at the end of one month, of three months, of six months, of a year. Bonds were also sold to the public, falling due in three years, in six years, or in ten years, of which the total amounts to about 45 milliard francs.

The obvious and desirable solution is to consolidate this hundred milliards into either a perpetual debt or a long-term debt. Such a solution would, however, need the support of owners of the Bons de la Défense Nationale, and that support would not be forthcoming, could not, indeed, be forthcoming in many cases where the scrip in question represents the savings, almost the whole wealth of those who own it. People in that position would demand payment in bank notes when their paper matured.

It is there that the situation of the Treasury becomes difficult.

If subscriptions to new issues of the bonds make up the sums needed to meet the maturing issues, then the State can strike a balance, and it was thus that the situation was, in fact, tided over until the end of 1924.

At the beginning of 1925 the value of the bonds which had to be repaid, was suddenly discovered to exceed the value of new issues, and this state of affairs

recurred practically every month up to last August or September.

To what was this change due? It was due solely to psychological causes, and not to any economic crisis.

And that brings us to an intricate aspect of the financial problem, namely, the relationship which has developed between the political world and the Treasury.

This relationship is worth studying.

In a country whose finances are healthy a party of advanced views can, when it gains a Parliamentary majority, and thus directs or controls Government, afford to go in for bold reforms. But it is a very different state of affairs when a large number of people, mainly conservative, hold paper entitling them to make immediate, or almost immediate, demands upon the Treasury. It is then a simple matter for reactionaries, especially in a country whose moneyed interests are nervous, to frighten holders of Government notes by advertising imprudent sayings which their opponents have rashly shouted from the housetops, and by exploiting proposals for legislation which are, or seem to be, menacing to capital. When that is done the owners of short-time paper are quick to claim their money, and those in charge of affairs, if they hesitate to adopt an intelligent and energetic policy, are compelled, either to surrender to their opponents, or to embark on a policy of vacillation and timid experiment, and be driven from expedient to expedient. In the case of France the latter alternative came about.

Was the Bloc National, during its years of office, clever enough to create a short-time debt in such a way as to enable it, when it fell, to score off those who had deprived it of office? I must admit that I am not sufficiently impressed by the prescience of the men who held the reins of power between 1919 and 1924 to admit that hypothesis. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the size to which the short-term debt was allowed to grow does take on the appearance of a trap set to catch the people of the Left. But it was a trap from which escape was easy.

It was enough to start a hue and cry that all the Treasury notes would be honoured; that sufficient bank

notes would be issued to meet them as they fell due. When Bills had been introduced into Parliament to give the Government the necessary powers for that policy the owners of the notes would be reassured. The same thing would happen as happens when a banker, pressed by panic-stricken depositors, puts up a notice that everyone will be paid in full. The crowd goes home.

Had such a time-honoured panacea failed to produce the results expected of it, had the State been forced to throw to the public new notes of the Banque de France, even then the evil need not have been overwhelming.

The world would have covered its face and shouted "inflation, inflation." But it would have been playing with words.

Inflation exists when, in order to find money for the State, paper money is created in the form of bank notes or of short-term bonds. The medium of circulation is thus inflated. But it is not a case of inflation, when bank notes are merely substituted for bonds, and, above all, when, as in the case where currency is concerned, the bonds function as ready money. Everybody, indeed, knows that cash transactions are often carried out by means of Bons de la Défense Nationale. In the large shops in Paris there are notices to the effect that those bonds are received by the cashier as though they were notes of the Banque de France.

It can, of course, be argued with truth that the speed with which the Bons de la Défense Nationale circulate is less than that of bank notes, and that, consequently, the replacement of the first by the second increases the total volume of the medium of circulation as calculated over a certain period.

That we must admit as well as the fact that there results therefrom a slight inflation.

What other means in any case is there of escaping from the difficulty?

There is none, the obligatory consolidation of the debt being a moral and practical impossibility.

People are, nevertheless, unwilling to adopt the only course which will help. They allow themselves to be driven into the worst of all policies, that of petty patchwork. They beg, offering excuses almost blushingly, to

be authorized to issue small numbers of additional bank notes. The public is worried because it appears that something underhand is happening. The bond owners are unhappy because solemn promises, freely given, not again to have recourse to the bank of issue arouse fears that in the future their drafts on the Treasury will not be met when they fall due.

Such are the drawbacks of half measures!

It will, one hopes, be recognized before long that all this is childlike; that as Mr. Keynes well says in a recent letter to a French economist, people should fight shy of the "superstition of inflation." The damage was done, Mr. Keynes observes, when the short-term bonds were created. People should reconcile themselves to that fact and try to liquidate the situation as cheaply as possible.

So soon as these truths have been accepted the financial problem will be mitigated, and it will be possible by means of successive funding operations quietly to absorb the short-term debt.

It will be equally easy to solve the budget problem because, when all is said and done, it is only necessary to devise taxes bringing in between one and two milliards of gold francs. Although burdened, the French tax-payer can still support a new burden.

The only thing is that here also there will be no room for vague hesitations, for dallying with the problem; for, if we may speak frankly, indulgence of that tendency of the French nature, and indeed of human nature, to untie only at the last moment the strings of private purses in the interest of public finance.

And when all that has been done there will still remain the question of inter-allied debts—a grave question indeed.

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"They want to make us pay for the uniforms in which our soldiers were killed." So I once wrote when attacking claims which I deemed morally inadmissible. I have not changed my opinion. I still consider that as the war was fought with iron, coal, and men, the nations which furnished the men, but which were supplied by those allies and associates with iron and coal, are rather creditors than debtors. At least they ought to be freed from any

obligations of money payments to their companions in arms.

But I am forced to recognize that my argument has not "caught on," perhaps because it was not elaborated with sufficient energy at the right moment.

On the other side of the Channel a tendency to wipe the slate clean has, on several occasions, been noticeable. Faithful to high traditions which do her honour, Great Britain, as things are, claims from her allies and from her enemies of yesterday only enough to meet the annual payment which the United States has demanded from her.

France thus enjoys a considerable reduction of her debt (the word scorches my pen) so far as England is concerned: and England—I betray no secret in saying so—would have absolved her completely if the great American Republic had taken the same view.

But the United States is not listening to proposals of that sort. America is, no doubt, willing to acquiesce in a reduction of interest, which she says is tantamount to a reduction of capital. She is adjusting these reductions to meet the position of each of her creditors. Farther than that she will not go.

The French Republic has been obliged to yield to this view, and gave me a mandate some months ago to open negotiations at Washington. I did my best to reach an agreement. I failed, in spite of the fact that I offered annual payments to the extent of a hundred million dollars a year. I thus assumed obligations which terrified French public opinion. It is true that public opinion was upset already, on the one hand by rabid Nationalists who were furious at the idea of payment, and on the other hand by financiers, by one financier in particular, who judged it advantageous for their little interests to maintain between the money market of Paris and the other great money markets of the world a water-tight partition. It is equally the fact that, in view of the actual plight of France, taxation such as I had in mind evoked apprehension.

Nevertheless, the Americans with whom I was negotiating were not satisfied. "We admit," they said, "that your finances, unlike your industries which are in magnificent shape, are far from prosperous. Consequently

we ask nothing better than to be allowed to make things easy for you for a certain number of years. But, when that difficult period has been surmounted, you will be in a position to make far more substantial payments than you now expect to be able to do. If you demur, it is because you under-estimate the economic resources of your country, which are, and above all will be, considerable."

It was in vain that I struggled against arguments which, I pointed out, were hypothetical. In vain I remarked that the development of French exports tended towards monetary stringency. In vain I predicted that directly the franc was stabilized ebullience of our manufactures would subside. I was unable to carry conviction off-hand. I have, however, some grounds for hoping that my language has found its mark, and that an understanding will before long be reached between France and her great creditor.

It cannot, in fact, be otherwise.

Let us suppose, then, that the question has been settled, and let us take a bird's-eye view of the resultant situation.

France will be pledged to pay in the next few years between 100 and 200 million dollars a year to the Anglo-Saxon countries (exactly 100 million dollars to the United States, and 62,500,000 dollars to England).

With what will she pay ? She must pay with products. That is the only way in which one nation can liquidate a debt to another nation.

With what products ? With wine ? The United States prohibits its import. With manufactured articles ? She sells but few of these to the United States. She has not, like Great Britain, the quasi-monopoly of rubber production. She cannot by raising the price of an indispensable raw material cleverly get back from the American people the sum which she is forced to pay to the American Government.

She can honour her signature only by means of the German indemnity, that is to say, by transferring to her late allies almost, if not quite, the whole sum which her late enemy is pledged to pay her. And what does that come to ? It means that she will be financing the annuities which she has to pay out of German production.

Let us submit the future to an even closer analysis. In order that America may recover the hundreds of millions of dollars which, for good or evil, she desires Europe to pay her, it will be necessary for European products to take the place each year of American products, both in the home markets of that country and in foreign markets.

Thus, on one side the Old Continent, converted in the happy phrase of a Czecho-Slovak journalist into a "debtor's prison," will be working to pay tribute to the New World; while on the other side the great trans-atlantic Republic will be gathering in the money of the nations from which she has sprung, but will be doing so only by virtue of yielding place to their products and of retreating before them.

Which side, in the long run, will be in the more advantageous position?

Those who have studied ancient history, that of Carthage, as well as that of Rome, will not hesitate for their answer.

Nor will they hesitate to prophesy that the movements arising from the transfer of unprecedented wealth from nation to nation will have remarkable repercussions alike from the political, economic, and financial points of view.

It is possible that European solidarity, which is so much needed, may spring from it. A community of interests, the necessity of meeting the same creditor, may bring nations together as it brings men together. Perhaps, on the other hand, the harshness of the burden and the inequality of the demands made will exacerbate animosities instead of softening them. Perhaps the civilized world is destined to pass through an era of confusion during which full play will be given on the one side to suspicion, envy, and jealousy, and on the other side to ill-judged greed.

In the end things will come right for fallacy cannot finally win the day.

But how sad it is to think that these agonies would have been spared us in 1918 and 1919 if there had been clear sight, if weapons had been completely laid aside. As Shakespeare says, "'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind." But was it not rather "mad peoples led by the blind"?

The Battle of the Franc and the Peril of France

By Professor Charles Sarolea

THESE are difficult days for the political optimist in France. More than at any previous crisis Republican and Parliamentary institutions are on their trial. Ever since the Armistice our neighbours have been tossed on a sea of troubles; the reconstruction of the devastated areas, at the expense not of the vanquished but of the victorious nation, the settlement of the German Reparations which is no settlement, a Security Pact which gives no security, the religious troubles in Alsace-Lorraine, the occupation of the Ruhr and the extrication from the Ruhr, the payment of huge war debts by a depleted Exchequer, a little war in Syria, a big war in Morocco. One difficulty has closely followed on the heel of another. Scarcely was one problem solved when the Government was faced by another which was even more formidable. In vain did the French people, in order to solve those troubles, appeal to its strong men or to the men whom it supposed to be strong, first to Clemenceau, then to Millerand, then to Poincaré, finally in its desperate straits appealing even to Caillaux, the best hated man of France. All the "strong" men were tried, and they have all been found wanting. And now as a climax to all past troubles the country is in the throes of a financial catastrophe. It is true that for four years it has been drawing nearer and nearer. But there was always the fond hope that it might pass away. At last the cloud has burst and France is confronted not only with the prospect of national bankruptcy, but also with the even more terrible prospect of a desperate class war.

When a particular currency has been continuously moving downhill, and when the decline has acquired increasing momentum, from the ever growing mass of accumulating liabilities, a time inevitably arrives when all the policies which are used to stop the decline only result in accelerating its velocity, and when all the arguments which are used to justify those policies seem to revolve in a hopelessly vicious circle.

For instance, it may be urged in theory that, for a patriotic citizen, a public-spirited policy is also the best paying policy, that in so pressing a national peril self-sacrifice is only enlightened self-interest, because if you surrender a small part of your resources you will at least save the remainder, whereas if you refuse to make the necessary sacrifice, bankruptcy is absolutely certain and you lose everything. This was the very argument used by Mirabeau in his immortal bankruptcy speech. Unfortunately the argument does not work in practice. For the selfish citizen will continue to be convinced that he need not make any sacrifice at all, that if he can only manage to send his money out of the country, he will after all be able to save the whole of his fortune.

Again, it may seem quite plausible in theory that any man with a sense of duty, when his country is in financial distress, ought to save up every penny so as to increase the available capital at the disposal of the Government. On the other hand, in practice, it will turn out that the wise and selfish man will prefer to spend at once every shilling he earns. For instance, what was the use for a patriotic and prudent Frenchman saving his money seven years ago when to-day those savings are worth less than one-fifth of their value in 1918. The really wise man was the prodigal who spent everything he made and who thus received at least full value for what he did spend. "Let us enjoy ourselves, for to-morrow we are ruined." And thus it generally happens that at the very moment when a nation requires to husband all its resources, it is irresistibly tempted to squander them in an orgy of luxury and extravagance, with the further result that the demoralization and corruption of the people seem to follow almost inevitably in the wake of financial ruin.

In order to understand all that is implied in the continued depreciation of the French franc, and in order to have a clear notion of the causes which brought about that depreciation, it is essential that we should clear our minds of any false analogies between the French situation and the British. For instance, the French financial disease is totally unlike the British evil of unemployment. The causes of the British chronic unemployment are mainly economic. It is one of the consequences of the war.

It was almost inevitable, and no Government can be held responsible for it. On the contrary, the causes of the collapse of the franc are not economic, and the collapse could easily have been avoided.

Indeed, if the problem of the franc had been mainly economic, it would have been solved long ago. For France is by no means ruined. So far from being ruined, the peasant class, who are still the majority of the French nation, are more prosperous than they ever were before the war. They have been able to buy up millions of acres. Hundreds of thousands of petty farmers have recently become peasant proprietors. Their standard of living has enormously improved. On any market-day in any important agricultural town, you may witness a strange spectacle which, before the war, would have been undreamt of, the spectacle, namely, of scores of farmers coming to the market-place in their motor-cars.

In view of this abounding prosperity, why has it been impossible for the French Minister of Finance to extract from a thriving peasant class an amount of taxation sufficient to balance the national budget? The reasons are, each one of them, political and moral. And those reasons clearly illustrate the fundamental differences which exist between an industrial country like England and an agricultural community like France. They also illustrate the equally fundamental differences which exist between a stable government and an unstable government.

1. In the first place the whole fiscal policy of successive French Governments since the Armistice has been deflected by the golden mirage, and has been dominated by the sinister delusion, of the German indemnity—a delusion which I may claim to have been the first European publicist to denounce six years ago in the columns of the "Scotsman." That delusion has been an insuperable obstacle to any sound financial policy. Why should the French Government have troubled to put order in their finances, when the Germans were going to pay the bill? The most extravagant expenditure, the most criminal peculations and speculations were met with the cynical reply: "C'est le Boche qui paiera!!"

2. In the second place, an agricultural community is temperamentally much more refractory to taxation than an industrial community. Such has been the case in Poland and in Germany, such was the case in Imperial Rome, when the whole burden of taxation fell on the "curiales," or middle class. Such was also the case under the old French Monarchy. For the difficulties of the French tax-gatherer are not of to-day. Even in the palmy days of the Monarchy, a despotic government found it so difficult to collect its taxes that it had to entrust the impossible task to a special class of money-lenders, the so-called "farmers-general," the most odious officials, but the most necessary of the *ancien régime*.

The French peasant has indeed an infinite capacity of thrift. But he will not save in order to pay his taxes, he will only save in order to buy a cow or a piece of land. When the tax-gatherer arrives, the year's profits have vanished and have been turned into "capital." In this connection it is interesting to note that etymologically, the words "cattle" and "cheptel" have the same meaning as capital. For the "cheptel" is pre-eminently the working capital of the peasant, even as the "pecus" constituted the "pecunia" of the Roman agriculturist.

3. In the third place, even if the peasants could have been compelled to pay their taxes, one has to keep in mind that the French State does not possess the elaborate machinery which would have been necessary to carry out its new fiscal policy. Such a machinery cannot be extemporized in times of crisis. Even in Great Britain, it required generations to create it and to improve it.

4. In the fourth place no French Government is either strong enough or stable enough to enforce unpopular measures. French Parties are too divided, and political majorities are too uncertain. Even if the majorities were large and if the Government were strong, such a strong Government would still have to depend on the votes of the peasants. Even then it could not afford to alienate its constituencies. No democratic government is prepared to commit political suicide.

5. It will be objected that the menace of national bankruptcy ought to have opened the eyes of the peasant, even though his horizon is bounded by the limits of his

village. But here again one ought not to forget that Jacques Bonhomme does not believe himself to be immediately affected. On the contrary he believes that a national bankruptcy may prove to be his golden opportunity. For he remains the master of the situation. In times of crisis agriculture is generally found to triumph over industry, the country over the town. No doubt the cost of living may rise, but this only means that the peasant will receive a higher price for his food-stuffs. No doubt the currency may be depreciated, but this only means that the peasant will be able to buy his land at a cheaper rate. In the days of the revolutionary "assignats," thousands of peasants bought an acre of land for the price of a few chickens.

We have inquired into the main causes of the collapse of the franc and of the financial troubles of the French Government, and we have proved that those causes are obviously political and moral rather than economic. We may similarly prove that the consequences will also be infinitely more serious on the political life than on the economic life of the people. One direct and immediate effect of a national bankruptcy would be that it would practically sweep out of existence one entire class. And that class is the backbone of the French people. It is the most intelligent, it is the most public-spirited, and the most balanced; it is the one most essential to the political stability of the country. It is the class of "rentiers," who draw their "rentes" from Consols and shares. It is the class which, from patriotic motives, has invested their savings in war loans. It is the million officials who have to live on their meagre salaries. It is the small tradespeople occupied mainly in those French luxury trades who would be paralysed by the collapse of the franc. Taken in the aggregate, that class numbers many millions who would swell the ranks of the proletariat.

The consequences of this ruin would be all the more serious, because, whereas the law-abiding classes would be irretrievably ruined, the lawless section of the population would have become much stronger. It has also to be borne in mind that the army of disorder would receive formidable reinforcements from the three million and a half foreigners who have immigrated into France since

the Armistice. In that vast army of aliens there are hundreds of thousands who will engage both in reckless speculation and in revolutionary agitation.

We have further to take into account that the Socialist Party has become not only much stronger, but that it also has become much more extreme. If the reader has any doubt about this, let him read the official organ of the Labour Party—"l'Humanité." In the pre-war days of the Socialist leadership of Jaurès, "l'Humanité" was a comparatively moderate and a reformist paper. To-day, it has become the champion of violent Communism. It waves the red flag. It takes its orders from the Soviet.

Knowing the tendencies and professed aims of the Labour Party, it is almost incredible that MM. Painlevé or Herriot or Briand should have appealed to the co-operation of the Labour Party, that they should actually rely upon them to save the franc. The simple truth is, that the French Socialists as a party do not want to save the franc. They want it to collapse. For the collapse of the franc gives them their one great chance. For it means the immediate destruction of the bourgeois class. It means, that they will achieve at one stroke what it has been for generations their one aim to achieve. That is the reason why M. Leon Blum is determined to have the capital levy. M. Blum is so clever a politician that it is almost inconceivable that he should not foresee that it would precipitate the catastrophe. As the result of the establishment of the capital levy, two-thirds of the national capital would leave the country. The proceeds of the levy on whatever capital would be left itself would be used to carry out such Communist reforms as would complete the disorganization of the Capitalist Society.

With such an outlook it is little wonder that to a large section of the French people, the situation may seem almost desperate. One of the ablest of French conservative publicists, M. Jacques Bainville, has written again and again that nothing now can avert the inevitable end, that it is only a matter of a few weeks, at most of a few months. In his opinion, the history of the French franc will repeat the history of the German mark, of the Polish mark, and of the Russian rouble, but under much worse conditions.

With the infinite resources of France, one may still hope against hope that these sinister predictions will not be fulfilled. Optimists and patriots may still believe that even at the eleventh hour the French finances may be saved if the people will make the necessary sacrifices. M. Painlevé has called the present struggle a fiscal battle of Verdun, and it may be that the battle may yet be won. But even those who believe in a victory imply as a necessary condition a complete change in the present political system. An aggressive minority, represented by the Nationalists of the "Action Française," holds that the victory can only be won by a return to the Monarchy. A much larger section holds that the battle of the franc, like the decisive battle of the war, can only be won by resorting to a Dictatorship. But the question immediately arises—Where is the King? Where is the Dictator? Clemenceau is over eighty years of age, and there is no Mussolini in sight.

Looking at all the aspects of a tragic situation, and considering the momentous issues involved, we may well understand why millions of French people are following day by day with breathless anxiety the fluctuations of the currency. But there are many reasons why neighbouring nations should share that anxiety. There are imperative motives why they should give not only their sympathy, but their active help in order to ward off an awful disaster. For if the disaster did happen, other nations, and especially Great Britain, would certainly be involved. The collapse of the French franc would inevitably retard British economic recovery. Great Britain would lose in France one of her best markets. The French might still continue to sell to her, but they would cease to buy from her. Nor would the political and social consequences be less serious. We cannot afford another revolution taking place at out very gates, in the heart and centre of continental civilization. If the battle of the franc is lost, it will be lost by the party of law and order. The world revolution would move on its relentless course, it would rapidly extend from the east to the west. The French bourgeoisie would be the chief victim. But Bolshevist Moscow would be the chief victor.

Disarmament

By W. G. Carlton Hall

ARTICLE 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations begins thus: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." In 1922 the Third Assembly of the League resolved that the question of disarmament must in practice be postponed to the establishment of some degree of security for all nations; and the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance of 1923 and the Geneva Protocol of 1924 were both efforts to arrive at such security. Both these efforts having failed, the Sixth Assembly in September, 1925, partly in anticipation of the Locarno Treaties and partly, as was frankly admitted, to save its own face, decided that something must be done; and on its instructions the League Council, at its thirty-seventh session in December, summoned a "Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference," to consist of representatives of sixteen States, members of the League, and also, if they were willing, of the United States of America and of the Soviet Republics, to meet at Geneva on February 15, 1926.

In all the discussions (and they are many) which have taken place on this subject no voice ever seems to have been raised against the fundamental assumption that disarmament (or, to be more accurate, the reduction of armaments) leads to peace; but this assumption, almost universally accepted as it is, finds hardly any support in the facts of history. A world completely disarmed, according to modern standards, would by no means find war impossible. It is a truism verging on the ridiculous to say that the Greek States of classical times had no armaments at all according to our ideas; but they regarded war as their normal condition, and generally

preferred a truce for a term of years to a permanent peace. Rome knew nothing of gunpowder even, not to mention high explosives, aircraft, and submarines; but by force of arms she made herself mistress of the world. And within living memory two sections of the same nation, of which one had at the outset an almost negligible military force, and the other had to organize everything from the beginning, engaged in a war of so sanguinary and obstinate a character that the military leader of the eventual victors openly based his strategy on mutual extermination, as being likely to result in favour of the larger population. On the other hand, it will hardly be denied that from 1871 to 1914 the main factor which kept the Great Powers of Europe at peace with each other, although armed (with the exception of this country) to the limit of their capacity, was fear of the consequences of a war between armies of unprecedented size and equipped with many untried inventions. We may even go further, and say that the peace would not have been broken as soon as it was, but for Germany's mistaken belief that Great Britain was at any time impotent on land, and at that moment would be compelled, by domestic troubles, to remain neutral. How would the position have been affected if the British Army had been comparable in its actual strength with those of the Continental Powers?

Nevertheless, the League stands committed in theory to the reduction and limitation of armaments; indeed, at the Sixth Assembly most of the speakers seemed to think that the three words, "Arbitration, Security, Disarmament," if repeated often enough, would hypnotize the world into acquiescence. Accordingly the committee of the Council has prepared, and the Council has adopted, a list of seven questions to be referred to the Preparatory Commission. It does not seem possible to summarize these questions without either exaggerating or understating the difficulties they involve, and they are, therefore, here set out in full:

Q. I.

What is to be understood by the expression "armaments"?

(a) Definition of the various factors—military, economic, geographical, etc.—upon which the power of a country in time of war depends.

(b) Definition and special characteristics of the various factors which constitute the armaments of a country in time of peace; the different categories of armaments (military, naval and air), the methods of recruiting, training, organizations capable of immediate military employment, etc.

Q. II.

(a) Is it practicable to limit the ultimate war strength of a country, or must any measures of disarmament be confined to the peace strength?

(b) What is to be understood by the expression "reduction and limitation of armaments"?

The various forms which reduction or limitation may take in the case of land, sea and air forces; the relative advantages or disadvantages of each of the different forms or methods; for example, the reduction of the larger peace-time units or of their establishment and their equipment, or of any immediately mobilizable forces; the reduction of the length of active service, the reduction of the quantity of military equipment, the reduction of expenditure on national defence, etc.

Q. III.

By what standards is it possible to measure the armaments of one country against the armaments of another, *e.g.* numbers, period of service, equipment, expenditure, etc.?

Q. IV.

Can there be said to be "offensive" and "defensive" armaments?

Is there any method of ascertaining whether a certain force is organized for purely defensive purposes (no matter what use may be made of it in time of war), or whether, on the contrary, it is constituted in a spirit of aggression?

Q. V.

(a) On what principle will it be possible to draw up a scale of armaments permissible to the various countries, taking into account particularly:

Population;
Resources;
Geographical situation;
Length and nature of maritime communications;
Density and character of the railways;
Vulnerability of the frontiers and of the important vital centres near the frontiers;
The necessary time required, varying with different States, to transform peace armaments into war armaments;
The degree of security which, in the event of aggression, a State could receive under the provisions of the Covenant or of separate engagements contracted towards that State?

(b) Can the task of determining the reduction of armaments be assisted by considering the best means for ensuring that the economic and military measures for mutual assistance, contemplated in Article 16 of the Covenant, shall come swiftly into operation as soon as an act of aggression has been committed?

Q. VI.

(a) Is there any, and if so what, device by which civil and military aircraft can be distinguished for purposes of disarmament? If this is not practicable, how can the value of civil aircraft be computed in estimating the air strength of any country?

(b) Is it possible or desirable to apply the conclusions arrived at in (a) above to parts of aircraft and aircraft engines?

(c) Is it possible to judge the military value of commercial fleets in estimating the naval armaments of a country?

Q. VII.

Admitting that disarmament depends on security, to what extent is regional disarmament possible in return for regional security? Or is any scheme of disarmament impossible unless it is general? If regional disarmament is practicable, would it promote or lead up to general disarmament?

Taking these seven questions in their order, it seems just possible that a wholly impartial philosopher might, by prolonged study, succeed in evolving an answer to Q. I that would be satisfactory to himself; but the prospect of getting any such answer accepted by all the nations of the world, members and non-members of the League alike, is pretty hopeless. Yet, until this question is answered, the rest of the Commission's task is mere beating the air.

The answer to Q. II (a) must surely be the second of the two alternatives stated. Almost without exception all the resources and activities of a country are capable of being converted to warlike use, and it seems clearly impossible to limit the ultimate war strength of a country without injury to its prosperity in time of peace. This is implicitly recognized in the second part of the question; to which, restricted as it seems to be to the subject of peace armaments, few would venture to give a decided answer.

Q. III seems frankly insoluble. Given even the very improbable case of two opposing forces of exactly equal numbers, with identical equipment, and trained for exactly the same period, only a superhuman intelligence could be trusted to calculate the mental, moral, and physical characteristics of each, and so determine which of them would be victorious.

To Q. IV the answer must be in the negative. Numbers alone are no safe guide; prior to 1914 few Englishmen

could be found to admit that in any conceivable circumstances this country could have any use for an army of a million men; yet in the purely defensive war which followed we learned the need of many times that number. And the strategic axiom that the best defence is a vigorous attack makes any other criterion worthless.

Of the eight factors which the Commission is recommended to take into account in Q. V (a), at least half are matters of opinion, rather than of ascertained or ascertainable fact; and the last must always be judged in the light of one's individual faith in human nature and the practical value of treaties. That faith must be great indeed to support a belief that any member of the League will, for the sake of its pledge alone, risk war with a Power of the first rank in a quarrel wherein its own interests are not involved. The same comment applies equally to Q. V (b).

The three parts of Q. VI are all very technical, and only an air expert could answer the first two. But the third contains the germ of an idea which we, in this country, should regard with extreme caution. In the matter of naval disarmament we have already gone a long way in agreeing to equality with the United States as regards battleships and aircraft-carriers; there are not wanting those, on both sides of the Atlantic, who would have that equality extended to cruisers and small craft. The Americans lately burned a number of merchant ships for which they could find no profitable use, and it would not be surprising to find the inferiority of the American mercantile marine put forward as an argument for yet a further reduction of our fighting strength at sea. It is customary to speak of the American attitude towards naval disarmament as one of lofty idealism; but it is none the less true that the British Navy was able to prevent the United States, while neutral, from trading with Germany; that as a result of this the Americans traded almost solely with the Allies, and on credit, so that by November, 1916, the American banks were owed no less than £361,000,000 by the Allies, as against £4,000,000 by Germany; and that this state of things would have virtually compelled America to do her best to prevent a German victory, no matter how unwilling she might have

been on other grounds to intervene. Therefore it is not unreasonable to assume that the American attitude at the Washington Conference was not entirely uninfluenced by a very natural desire to secure greater freedom of action in any future war. America is always idealistic when it pays.

Q. VII is one which everyone will answer according to his or her own ideas; a general agreement on it seems possible, but unlikely.

Anyone reading through the above list of questions must be struck by the remarkable omission of any reference to the methods by which a limitation of armaments could be enforced in the event—improbable in itself—of a general agreement being reached. The Committee of the Council, in its report, admits frankly that no conclusions were reached "on this important point"; and it is hardly likely that a conference of some sixty States will succeed in attaining unanimity where the Committee of the Council failed. But without some system of supervision it is clear that an agreement to limit armaments would, in the words of M. Paul-Boncour, be equivalent to placing a premium on bad faith. And the more this problem of enforcement is examined in the light of experience, where armaments have in the past been limited by treaty, the more difficult it appears. The most striking instance is to be found in the stipulation contained in a secret article annexed to the Convention of Paris of September 8, 1808, limiting the strength of the Prussian Army to 42,000 men for ten years. Notwithstanding this treaty, five years later Napoleon was faced at Leipzig by a Prussian army said to have been 400,000 strong; and while this figure may be an exaggeration, it is beyond question that the system of universal short service, designed by von Scharnhorst for the express purpose of evading the treaty, was the root of that military organization which enabled Prussia to defeat Austria in 1866 and France in 1870-1, and to make a bold bid for world-dominion in 1914.

With this precedent to warn them, the Allies, in framing the Treaty of Versailles, not only restricted the number of all ranks serving in the German Army to 100,000, but also stipulated for (1) voluntary enlistment for a term

of twelve years in place of the universal and compulsory short service; (2) an obligation on officers to serve on the active list for a full twenty-five years, or up to the age of forty-five—this to prevent the gradual formation of a trained reserve of military age; (3) restrictions on the manufacture of arms and munitions of war; (4) the prohibition of theoretical or practical military training outside the authorized units; and (5) the limitation of police forces, etc. The Allied note presented to Germany in January, 1925, alleged breaches of every one of these stipulations; which breaches would have remained undetected but for the presence of an Allied Commission of Inspection in Germany.

By the Treaty of Neuilly of November 27, 1919, the Bulgarian Army was restricted to a strength of 20,000 men. On December 15, 1920, the Government of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes announced the rupture of diplomatic relations with Bulgaria on the ground that the Bulgarian regular army was still maintained at a strength of 40,000.

The so-called Irish Treaty, embodied in the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act, 1922, provided that any defence force maintained by the Irish Free State "shall not exceed in size such proportion of the military establishments maintained in Great Britain as that which the population of Ireland bears to that of Great Britain." The population of the Irish Free State is about 7 per cent. of that of Great Britain; but in 1923, when the authorized strength of the British Army was 170,000 (of whom about half would be on foreign service), and the Free State force accordingly should not have exceeded 6,000 (or on the most liberal interpretation of the treaty 12,000), it was admittedly recruited up to a strength of 40,000, on the plea that the country was in a state of insurrection. The moral is obvious. A Power desirous of raising an army in excess of treaty limitations has only to organize a sham rebellion, augment its army on the pretext of dealing with it, and at the psychological moment use both the augmented army and the "rebel" force for the purpose of external war.

It is, moreover, obvious that a technical limitation of the official armaments of a country would be of little

value, while private firms in that country were allowed to manufacture arms, etc., without any check. Accordingly, the framers of the League Covenant inserted in Art. 8, in addition to the passage already quoted, the following:

> The Members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections. The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant on such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those Members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.

From the outset the Council has been doing its best, with the help of the first experts of all nations, to perform the duty thus laid upon it; with so little success that it has just circulated to all the Governments of the world a fresh list of five questions, with a request for their answers by June 1 next. The first of these questions asks for a definition of the "evil effects" referred to! Clearly any general agreement to prohibit or restrict private manufacture would entail on some of the contracting parties sacrifices similar to that made by ourselves in the Washington Treaty, when we surrendered the right of pre-emption, in case of war, of warships building in private British yards to the order of foreign Powers; and that example is not likely to be followed by others. Is it too much to hope that we may refrain from repeating it ourselves?

To conclude:

Disarmament by general consent is impracticable.

If practicable it would not be desirable, except on grounds of economy.

Even the economy is doubtful; schemes for reducing State expenditure have often proved very costly in practice.

The one experiment so far made in disarmament by consent, the Washington Conference, has had, and was apparently intended to have, the effect of penalizing the British Empire.

Si vis pacem para bellum.

The strong man armed keepeth his house.

The Wahabi Revival and Its Leader

By Robert Machray

APART from Mosul, and not without its bearing on the whole question of Iraq, the chief feature of interest in the Middle East to-day is the remarkable resurgence of the Wahabi movement in Arabia. This sectarian movement within the heart of Islam was founded in the eighteenth century by Mahomed Ibn Abdul Wahab, the pith and marrow of whose teaching was that the Moslem world, destroying all laxer additions, must return to the pristine simplicity of the faith. The Puritan reformer, after being cast out from his native town, discovered a protector in the petty chief of Daraiyeh in the Nejd, who had the intelligence to see that the Wahabi creed would appeal to the latent fanaticism of the tribes, and might become a powerful factor in the politics of the peninsula, as in fact it did. Under the son and the grandson of the chief, Daraiyeh developed into the capital of a Wahabi Arabian empire which stretched from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf.

The successes of the Wahabis excited the apprehensions of the Turks. Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, organized a great campaign against the new empire, which fell, but not till after years of hard fighting. Daraiyeh was sacked and razed to the ground; a quarter of a century afterwards some Wahabi survivors, under Faisal, a prince in the direct line, established themselves at Riadh, a few miles away. Riadh is the present Wahabi capital, but it has not been continuously the capital, for there was a fairly long interval during which it was occupied by the rival State of the Jebel Shammar, under the Emir Ibn Rashid. How it passed again into the hands of the Wahabis is part and parcel of the story of Ibn Saud, the leader of the Wahabi revival. There is no more romantic story in the world.

On the death of Faisal, the succession to the throne was contested by two of his sons, one of whom invoked the help of Ibn Rashid of the Shammar, with the result that

though his brother was defeated and slain, he himself lost Riadh, for Rashid annexed it, and carried him away captive to Hail, the Shammar capital, where he died. A third son of Faisal died childless, but a fourth son escaped to Koweit, and encouraged by its famous Sheikh, Mubarak, sought to regain possession of Riadh; failing, however, in the attempt, he resigned his rights in favour of his eldest son, whose full name is Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdur Rahman Ibn Faisal Ibn Saud, but who is commonly called Ibn Saud.

In the winter of 1900–1 Ibn Saud marched out from Koweit with 200 picked men, his objective being Riadh. When he drew near that place he selected fifteen men from his little army to accompany him on what must have seemed a forlorn hope—the capture of the town; and he told the rest of his followers to return to Koweit if there came no word from him next morning—"You will know that we are dead." Stealing forth under cover of the night and finding no obstacle in the broken-down walls of Riadh, Ibn Saud and his small band reached the house of the Governor, the representative of Ibn Rashid, and knocked on the door until it was opened. Then they learnt that the Governor was not there, but in the adjacent fort, whither he had gone for greater security during the night and whence he would return in the morning. Entering the house they placed under guard all that were within it, and there they watched and waited till daybreak, when the gates of the fort were opened and the Governor appeared with his bodyguard. Suddenly Ibn Saud and his fifteen men fell upon their enemies, who, despite their being taken by surprise, made a valorous resistance, which was overcome after a desperate, if short, struggle. The morning was still young when Ibn Saud was acclaimed, not only victor, but Wahabi Emir of Riadh.

Riadh is a walled village, rather than a city, in the Nejd, Central Arabia. When Ibn Saud took it in 1901 the surrounding district, which was part of the former Wahabi Empire, was still in the hands of his foes of the Shammar, and he had a long way to go before becoming master of even the restricted area that had owned the sway of his grandfather Faisal. In the first week of this year, 1926, Ibn Saud was proclaimed King of the Hejaz

in Mecca. In the intervening twenty-five years he had gained possession of the whole of Arabia, with the exception of the emirates of Asir and the Yemen, and the sultanate of Oman. Shammar is now a portion of his empire, and the dynasty of Rashid is no more. With the exceptions noted, other dynasties of Arabia, whether big or little, have disappeared before him or hold such power as they retain as his vassals. The fall of the House of Hashim, with the ex-Kings Hussein and Ali in exile, marks his most conspicuous triumph and is the summit, so far, of his extraordinary career. The territories he controls are very nearly the same as those of the greatest of his ancestors; virtually he has resuscitated and reconstituted the former Wahabi empire.

Ibn Saud's success is the measure of the Wahabi revival. To all intents and purposes the Wahabis are predominant in Arabia. Mecca and Medina, the chief Holy Cities of Islam, are theirs, just as they were more than a hundred years ago. But there is a great difference between then and now, and the change is due to Ibn Saud, who is a sagacious and farseeing statesman, as well as an able and courageous soldier. With him policy has gone hand in hand with conquest. He has shown himself on occasion conciliatory and even generous; most of all, he has demonstrated that he knows how to restrain the fanaticism of his followers, and it is in this that the change from the past is particularly manifest.

Originally the Wahabi creed aimed at the destruction of all unbelievers, i.e. of all who were not, or would not be, Wahabis. Most fiercely did the fury of the Wahabis rage against other Moslems, whether the orthodox Sunni, or the "heretic" Shia. Early in the nineteenth century, when their power was at its height, they had despoiled with equal fervour and ruthlessness Mecca, Medina, and Kerbela, to the horror of all the rest of Islam. In spite of some reports to the contrary, it is certain that nothing of the sort took place during Ibn Saud's recent subjugation of the Hejaz; Mecca and Medina have not been devastated; the Holy Cities are intact, though, doubtless, they have undergone some kind of Wahabi purge, confined, probably, to the punishment or dismissal of certain resident officials.

At the outset, and for some seven years afterwards,

the success of Ibn Saud was inconsiderable; it was not till 1908 that he was able to defeat the Shammar in open battle. Some two years afterwards he preached the "revival" of Wahabism, and to give the revival strength he originated an inner movement known as the Ikhwan, or the Brothers, which, though an intensified form of the Wahabi cult, has as much a political as a religious significance. It partakes largely of a military caste; it is drawn from many tribes, and serves as an element of permanence in their cohesion. Ibn Saud's intention in creating it was to do away with that intense tribalism that has been the bane of the Arabs. In brief, the Ikhwan makes for solidarity in Arabia. With this in view Ibn Saud has settled Ikhwan colonies in various parts of his dominions as a unifying agency. And if the Brothers are more fanatical than other Wahabis, Ibn Saud has known how to hold them in check and direct their energies into channels in accord with his statesmanlike purposes.

At first Ibn Saud made use of the Ikhwan in the field, as in 1914 when he drove the Turks out of the Hasa on the Persian Gulf, and added that province and Katif to Nejd. Then came the great war. Shammar, which still existed as a State, sided with the Turks and the Central Powers; Nejd ranged itself alongside Great Britain and the Allies, and Captain W. H. C. Shakespear, well known as an Arabian scholar, was sent as British political agent to the court of Ibn Saud, with instructions to urge him to immediate action. Early in 1915 Ibn Saud led his forces against those of the Shammar, but the resulting battle proved indecisive, as he was deserted by one of the tribes at a critical moment. Unfortunately, in more senses than one, Captain Shakespear was killed in this engagement. Had this not occurred British policy towards Arabia might have been quite different from what it was. "I have always thought," says Mr. Philby in his book "The Heart of Arabia," "that had it not been for the unfortunate accident of Shakespear's death . . . Colonel Lawrence might never have had the opportunity of initiating and carrying out the brilliant campaigns with which his name is associated." Anyhow, British war policy turned from Ibn Saud to Hussein, the Grand Sherif of Mecca, though Ibn Saud remained an ally.

At the instigation of Hussein, the Arabs of the Hejaz

and some other Arabs rendered considerable services to the Allied cause, as Lord Allenby testified. Hussein was rewarded partly in cash, handsomely enough, and partly in promises, some of which he asserts were never fulfilled. He certainly did dream of forming a great Arab empire, including Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, as well as all Arabia. It was not an ignoble dream, but he was not the man to make it a reality. This is not the place, however, to review the Pan-Arab movement and its failure under Hussein. As regards Arabia the trouble was that his ambitions came up against a formidable and, as events have shown, an insurmountable barrier in Ibn Saud. Not content with becoming King of the Hejaz, Hussein styled himself King of the Arabs, and was even designated Caliph. Ibn Saud bitterly resented Hussein's claim to the headship of the Arab race, and, taking the field, inflicted on him a severe defeat. The British intervened, as well they might, seeing that both Hussein and Ibn Saud were receiving subsidies from them. But in 1919 the struggle was resumed, and in May of that year Hussein was decisively defeated, thanks largely to Ibn Saud's Ikhwan warriors. Some sort of peace was again patched up, and Ibn Saud proceeded to the conquest of the Shammar and the Jauf, but was beaten back by British aeroplanes from Transjordan, over which Abdullah, a son of Hussein, was Emir. All this took place in 1922.

In that year Hussein was King of the Hejaz, an independent State, and through British action his son Faisal was King of Iraq, and another son Emir of Transjordan, both "mandated" States. There was no real abatement of the hostility of Ibn Saud, and to secure permanent peace Britain proposed a conference between the rivals; this was held at Koweit in 1924, but all efforts to reach a settlement failed, mainly owing to the intransigent attitude of Hussein. In the war that ensued Ibn Saud took Taif and Mecca, and Hussein abdicated, his son Ali succeeding as King of the Hejaz, but with no better fortune. Medina fell to the Wahabis, and Jeddah surrendered in December last. With the disappearance of the House of Hashim from Arabia, Ibn Saud stands forth as the greatest figure in the Moslem world. It is no bad thing that he is our sincere friend and ally.

Wilson and Lodge*

By Wade Chance

THIS notable book dispels one more fable, and irrefutably places responsibility for the rejection of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, not on Senator Lodge in particular and the American Senate in general, but squarely on the shoulders of President Wilson. Lodge, member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate for twenty-three years, and more lately its chairman, relates the historic development of his relations with Wilson with an authority that cannot be questioned.

In Page's book we had the fair façade of the Wilson structure, showing Page trusting, devoted, then puzzled, finally disillusioned, and then despairing, as he wrote: "It's the President who still holds the people back." Whereas Lodge, from the intaglio side of the picture, saw clearly all Wilson's shallowness and indecision from the early days of his Mexican policy, when he actually waged war—not against a nation, but an individual! As Lodge says, the subsequent death of President Huerta in an American prison did not add a very glorious page to Wilson's fame. Wilson had forgotten Wellington's dictum that a great nation should not wage little wars.

Thus early Lodge discovered that Wilson was a man of short weight, and his distrust grew through the days of the *Lusitania* and "Too Proud to Fight." He greatly feared that Peace Without Victory might mean—a War Without Fighting. But he supported Wilson in repealing free tolls for America in the Panama Canal measure, in arming American merchant ships, and he whipped the Senate into line to carry Wilson's war measures when, as always, Republican votes were needed, since the Senate was Republican. He suppressed discussion in the Senate which would question Britain's blockade too closely, he headed off retaliatory proposals of misguided senators who would place an embargo on munition shipments to the Allies, and he opposed Wilson's rash move to buy the German ships interned in American ports—clearly a breach of neutrality. And he denounced Wilson's specious plea for "neutrality in thought" as an impossible demand for a vast organized hypocrisy.

* "The Senate and the League of Nations." By Henry Cabot Lodge Charles Scribners Sons, London. 15s. net.

Whoever before asked America to make no distinction between right and wrong?

That Lodge opposed Wilson's League of Nations from personal prejudice or political rancour was merely the last cry of the Wilsonites as their god toppled from his self-erected pedestal. He said: "Wilson never crossed my path, nor injured me. He was to me simply an element to be calmly considered as a great problem of international politics." Neither he nor a single senator felt personal hostility towards Wilson. The issues were too momentous. The record bears him out.

Lodge makes it clear that following the *Lusitania* destruction popular feeling would have backed Wilson for war more unitedly than when America did finally come in, since Wilson "had paltered with the issues raised by Germany, and so confused the whole question that people's minds were no longer clear."

Count Bernstorff confirms this in his book, for when he found Wilson temporizing over the *Lusitania* he felt sure he never would fight "since he had on that day the American people behind him more united for war against Germany than they had ever been before or since."

Although Wilson had doubtless pursued his self-appointed, peace-making rôle with some measure of understanding with Germany, Bernstorff's conviction that henceforth Wilson was a negligible factor must have influenced Berlin, for suddenly, Germany administered a complete rebuff by announcing unrestricted submarine warfare. Wilson, staggering under the blow —and by then safely re-elected—for once became relentless, dismissed Bernstorff, and belatedly declared war. But having made one of his pacifist speeches only three months before, and lacking a single new issue over those existing eighteen months previously, he was compelled to stultify himself in condemning Germany after long last, and contradict every word he had once pleaded in palliation of Germany's offences. He had to admit that, after all, the objects and aims of the two belligerents were *not* exactly the same. Unfortunately for his place in history, Mr. Wilson had at first seen no moral issue in the World War.

Then on the instant "he discovered that he had been played with and deceived. His projects, which were his own, in which he would have played a shining rôle, were dashed to pieces, and he was made to appear in a ridicu-

lous light. The Germans blundered again. What the sinking of the *Lusitania* did not do, they did by the ultimatum of January 1918."

Lodge speaks of "the terrible days when America had to struggle against the awful obstacles and confusion resulting from the long refusal to prepare." Wilson's War Secretary, Mr. Baker, who, like his chief, was only a partially-reformed pacifist, spoke of the "happy confusion" of those days, and "rejoiced in the fact that America was not prepared."

But the administration had been benumbed by the President's one obsession to play the rôle of the inopportune peacemaker—a purely personal desire, and no part of the American people's wish, for even Mr. Daniels, his pacifist Secretary of the Navy, declared his intention of marching down Unter den Linden—by proxy, of course—to impose terms on the Kaiser, after a speech by Lodge demanding an imposed and not a negotiated peace.

Lodge dwells on this peace-making obsession as the keynote to all Wilson's amazing blindness to the claims of a just cause, and to his endeavour to create a stalemate by a Peace Without Victory, so that he alone might arbitrate and shift a still unsettled balance of power over to his pet project, the League of Nations, of which he proposed to hold the scales.

Wilson's Fourteen Points declaration, as a basis of peace in January, 1918, Lodge declares, was made at a moment "most unfavourable to the Allies, and most favourable to Germany. But there was no moment, however inauspicious, which could cool his eagerness to get a peace of some sort without regard to the vast deep-reaching issues for which the terrible suffering had been endured."

Coming to the prolonged contest in the Senate to force acceptance of the Covenant without reservations, it must be remembered that the Senate was Republican, and Wilson knew always that, assuming the support of his own party, Republican votes only could ensure its acceptance. He knew that the treaty-making power of the President was specifically safeguarded by the Constitution, in providing that all treaties must be made "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Yet he flouted the Senate by going to Paris unaccompanied by a single Senator.

But, notwithstanding, Lodge subsequently made every

effort to save the Treaty and the League, as safeguarded and "reserved" by the Senate. It was widely admitted, however, even by Lord Grey of Fallodon and by Ambassador Jusserand, both then in Washington, that these reservations were immaterial, and that Europe would welcome America into the League on her own terms, and they spoke the truth which Wilson was trying to conceal. Then came the deathblow to the League and the Treaty, administered by Wilson himself, when he addressed the following letter to Senator Hitchcock, after the Senate had adopted all the reservations, and just before the vote on final ratification.

"You were good enough to bring me word that the Democratic Senators supporting the Treaty expected to hold a conference between the final votes on the Lodge resolution of ratification, and that they would be glad to receive a word of counsel from me. *I sincerely hope that the friends and supporters of the Treaty will vote against the Lodge resolution of ratification.*"

The resolution was thereon rejected, the Treaty and the League of Nations were thereby defeated, and through the democratic votes of Mr. Wilson's supporters. This letter was written in November, 1919, but applied equally to the second similar adverse vote of March, 1920—Lodge's last attempt—and America's isolation was complete. The moving finger wrote, and affixed the blame for ever—and on Woodrow Wilson.

Another fable is laid to rest in Lodge's book, for it has been very generally claimed in England that America, through the Senate, rejected also the triple alliance treaty, called the "Assistance to France in the event of Unprovoked Aggression by Germany." This all-important measure had been promised by Wilson and Lloyd George in consideration of concessions made by Clemenceau relative to the period of the Rhine occupation, based on his belief in the sincerity of that pledge. Now the essential obligation of this treaty was as follows:

"The present Treaty will be submitted to the Senate *at the same time as the Treaty of Versailles is submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent to ratification.*"

This sacred obligation, binding Mr. Wilson explicitly, was signed by himself, Lansing, Clemenceau, and Pichon. (A similar document was executed by Lloyd George.) It constituted a pledge which Wilson alone could fulfil. He failed to keep his agreement, he never presented it to

the Senate; and only after adverse comment and inquiry on the floor of the Senate did he send them a copy, three weeks after he had sent the Versailles Treaty and Covenant. He never at any time asked for, nor urged, its adoption; it was never considered nor voted on by the Senate. He broke his promise as he violated every other consideration which, he considered, interfered with his fetish, the Covenant of the League of Nations—in which he had carefully inserted these words: "The first meeting of the League of Nations shall be called by the President of the United States." Shantung, most of the Fourteen Points, the freedom of seas, all were dropped overboard, (the latter into the British Channel *en route* to France), to gain his one end. He made too many compromises abroad and too few at home.

In the minds of many people this triple alliance was far more important than the Peace Treaty itself, since it renewed the Entente and provided that guarantee against future German aggression for the want of which Europe has so long been disturbed, and thus safeguarded the Treaty itself, which had failed entirely to provide any machinery through which it could be enforced against a Germany which was certain, sooner or later, to disregard it. Through it Clemenceau—a victor greater than his victory—had hoped to retain his old reliable balance of power, then still in fashion, since it had saved Europe, for it functioned from the first day of hostilities, and not after three years of watchful waiting and obscure thinking.

When Mr. Wilson attached his signature to the Versailles Treaty the wand of power passed from his hands to those of the Senate. Mr. Wilson, true to form, sought to obscure this power, and continue his old rôle of dictator, which had, in fact, lapsed. He had begun this obscuration before he sailed for Europe in launching as a paramount issue what was really secondary—his League of Nations. America's participation at Paris was frittered away in fruitless discussions of boundaries and ethnological delimitations foreign to her interests and her experience. When Mr. Wilson evolved a cumbrous document in his League Covenant, providing for every possible meddlement with the affairs of the world except the truly vital ones—security against the German menace and reparations—he was not America's true delegate, but her misrepresentative. He was ever the deluded deluder.

Lodge later ascribes the true reason for Wilson's defeat of the League Covenant as his desire to obtain a presidential nomination for a third term at the approaching democratic convention, and his fancied need as a campaign issue of his pet measure, chloroformed, as he would claim, by the wicked Republicans of the Senate. Confirmation of this view is given by Wilson's friendly biographer, David Lawrence. It was his last throw, and it failed. He was again repudiated.

Lodge says that thought of self was displayed here, as it was "in the cold way in which he dropped into the well of forgetfulness some of those nearest to him, who had served and followed with the utmost loyalty." What a casualty list! Harvey and McCombs, who made him president, Garrison, his war secretary, who wished to prepare, Lansing, Tumulty, his faithful secretary, and, finally, Colonel House. (More light on this point is promised in the colonel's forthcoming biography.) But Mr. Wilson had but one test: "I do not like Mr. ——, he does not agree with me." Mr. Wilson thus becomes a classic example of the political ingrate.

Lodge, himself, an admitted scholar, makes pertinent comment on Wilson's literary abilities:

"His English was excellent, although he had a fondness for phrase-making, which proved a dangerous gift. He was not a scholar in the true sense at all. I never noticed but once in Mr. Wilson's utterances a classical allusion, and then he blundered. He very rarely made a literary quotation, thus indicating that he could not have been a widely-read man. He had a sense of humour, but not sufficient to give him assurance of not mistaking his own relation to the universe."

He deprecated Wilson's rhetorical use of "ideals" and "visions," as tending to mislead the public, since other people had them who did not talk about them. Yet, had Wilson been a true idealist, he would gladly have saved his League by accepting modified terms, "since the man who seeks to establish an ideal will never sacrifice it because he cannot secure everything at once. Lincoln put aside emancipating the slaves, on which his heart was set, in order first to preserve the Union." But Lincoln was not seeking another term, and he needed no platform to stand on, rickety or otherwise, to help out a shady past.

Lodge concludes by giving his reason for not classing Wilson as a really great man. "Mr. Wilson was given

the greatest opportunity ever given to any public man in modern times. He tried to use it and failed. The failure necessarily equalled the opportunity in magnitude, and the failure was complete, and was all his own. No one could have destroyed such a vast opportunity except the man to whom it was given, and in this work of destruction Mr. Wilson was entirely successful."

Lodge's addresses to the Senate are models as State papers, in better English than Wilson's, since they are entirely free from that striving for fine writing so deprecated by Voltaire when he declared that he had never consciously written a fine line in his life. It is in his soundness, his patriotism, his impeccable logic, and in his loyalty to a great cause, that Lodge shines. The more one studies Lodge and Page the greater their statures grow, and the more Wilson shrinks.

The writer on his return from the Peace Conference at Paris saw the senator in Washington, and said, referring to the elections having gone against Mr. Wilson, that had the United States the same political system as Great Britain he, Lodge, would have been made Prime Minister after Wilson's defeat at the polls, and Lodge answered: "Yes, I would be Prime Minister now." On referring to Wilson's evident lack of sincerity, Lodge said: "Mr. Wilson never drew a sincere breath in his life except in his own interests."

Although overlooked by both Lodge and Lawrence any consideration of Wilson's policies must include his oft-repeated preachment of the innocence of the German people in the war, and of the sole guilt of their Government. This invention, original with himself, led directly to the wellnigh fatal error of deposing the Kaiser and the war party, by which there remained no authoritative power in Germany to hold responsible for executing faithfully the terms of the Treaty, and for reparations. This absolution of the German people is still frequently upheld. Its complete refutation, made at Paris just prior to the signing of the Versailles Treaty, appeared in the Allied reply to Germany's plea for mitigation of the terms, as follows:

"Throughout the war, as before the war, the German people and their representatives supported the war, voted the credits, subscribed to the war loans, obeyed every order, however savage, of their Government. They share the responsibility for the policy of their Government,

for at any moment, had they willed it, they could have reversed it. Had that policy succeeded they would have acclaimed it with the same enthusiasm with which they welcomed the outbreak of the war. They cannot now pretend, having changed their rulers after the war was lost, that it was justice that they should escape the consequences of their deeds."

This document was signed by Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Woodrow Wilson—self-condemned as a man wanting wisdom—and "nine-tenths of wisdom is knowledge in advance."

This false doctrine was thus laid for ever, but who shall estimate the harm it did throughout the world, or how large a part it played, not only in Wilson's mistaken policies, but in the minds of many? It was a fraud and a delusion from the beginning. It was largely responsible for conceding immunity to Germany for the damages of the war, and for the dribbling away of the Reparations Bill.

The great Disraeli said: "I believe that everything that is great has been accomplished by great men."

And he might have added that most of the harm in the world has been the work of weak, misguided, or inefficient men, in whose hands accident or circumstances have placed, for a time, the wand of delegated, or assumed power.

Lodge wrote:

"I watched his face to-night, as I have often done before, a curious mixture of acuteness, intelligence, and extreme underlying timidity; a shifty, furtive, sinister expression can always be detected by a good observer. I wonder if future historians will find him out?"

Woodrow Wilson, living and dead, has received all possible earthly honours. It is only just that the truth should be as faithfully recorded. He began the war too late, he ended it too soon, he displaced the Entente by the nebulous League of Nations, he prevented America's participation in the League for evident aims of his own. He first isolated himself, then isolated America. His head was in the clouds and his feet were in the clay. Such power of choice has never before been placed in mortal hands, and he chose with penurious heart and arid mind. He could not transcend himself, for he never was the lighthouse, but the fog.

Mussolini : A Patriotic Socialist

By Umberto Morelli

BIOGRAPHIES, it seems to me, should be something more than mere chronologies and collections of letters. A biographer, like a painter, should be able to depict the man, not his ghost. And a biography—like a portrait—should be the work of an artist, not of a mere technician who knows little more than how to mix his colours on the palette. It should be the product of the insight which has guided the artist to make that particular selection of material from a heap of chaff and rubbish in order to throw into relief the salient points in the psychological history of his sitter. Of course, in so doing, the author may have to disregard all chronological sequence and follow but one unity, that of thought. It does not matter if he is compelled to go forwards and backwards—at one moment describing the efforts of a new seed to bud, and at the next telling of the wonderful fruit brought forth by that seed in later years.

These ideas may appear rather unorthodox, and may jar on the delicate nerves of those pious folk who, having once knelt down at the feet of Time, are ready to combat whatever cannot be measured in the language of the clock. And as "The Life of Benito Mussolini"* is a splendid example of defiance to the old chronological form, I advise upholders of that system to keep well out of reach of Signora Sarfatti's book, lest it prove fatal to their methodical brains.

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I do not wish, here, to discuss the influence which omens may have on the mind of man. I shall limit myself to stating one such belief which undoubtedly has been fulfilled. It is that of the *Sonniags Kind*, so dear to Goethe, who, being himself one, held that a child born on a Sunday was destined to meet with a happy fate and to

* "The Life of Benito Mussolini." By Margherita G. Sarfatti. Translated by Frederic Whyte. Thornton Butterworth. 15s. net.

achieve success in everything. Benito Mussolini was born on July 29, 1883—a Sunday.

The son of a generous blacksmith and of a delicate schoolmistress, he was to inherit from his father a patrimony of unselfishness; from his mother the iron determination which now and then pierced the veil of her constant gentleness; and from rugged Romagna one of her deep-rooted characteristics—chivalry. For Romagna, the green and sunny Romagna of Dante, Carducci, and Pascoli, lying between the Apennines and the River Po—the Romagna which takes her name from the Eternal City, and still prides herself on those same virtues of frugality, laboriousness, courage, and fidelity which belonged to the one-time masters of the world—was the cradle of this newly-born child, who, like his ancestor of Bologna, was to become a *capitano del popolo*,* equally valiant in his armour and in his robes; now scattering foreign hosts, now the internal foes ever rebelling for selfish causes.

Mussolini's life—like the lives of the great men of all ages—has been a masterpiece of continuity along one straight line; a life dominated by one idea—regeneration. And as regeneration is not to be achieved without preliminary demolition, we shall find young Mussolini among the revolutionaries; nay, at the head of them, but with this difference—that while his companions were getting ready solely for destruction, he was all the time planning the reconstruction of Italy. That is why, when (after having achieved his revolution) he set out to build the new order, his former idolaters called him a "traitor" and his foreign critics a "turn-coat." Of course, nothing is so disappointing to a "liberal" mind as the spectacle of a man who threatens to upset the world, but instead of doing so in the classical way, with blood and thunder, sits quietly at a table and works.

At this point, I think, we might pause a little and examine Mussolini's Socialism.

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At the beginning of the twentieth century, the generation of giants which had made the new Italy was dead.

* *Capitano del popolo:* The chief authority in a Free Town, a kind of Lord Mayor, was both a Magistrate and a General.

In its place had grown up a generation of mushrooms, who—tired of high political ideals—had abandoned them for a cynical commercialism. Southern Italy clamoured in vain for roads, railways, bridges, aqueducts, sanitation, schools. The Premiers (very often Southerners themselves, like Nitti) and the Members of Parliament did not want to be bothered. The only thing they were concerned with was to remain in office. It was immaterial to them if this "office" was only to be bought with flasks of wine from the ignorant voters, or with pledges of blind obedience to the will of the all-powerful Freemasonry of the French rite, which by now controlled not only the banks and the Press, but also the State itself, in this way establishing a new form of nepotism, which in a short time was to make of a young nation a corrupted and decadent body steeped in materiality and scoffing at anything noble, generous, and high. Fair competition—the only thing that can better the human race—had been banished, because any born idiot who became a Freemason was sure to climb higher than any intelligent man who would not sell his honesty. The crucifix had been routed out of all the schools. The beautiful night prayer of the sailors watching at sea had been equally forbidden, severing thus the last chord to remind sons that their mothers had entrusted to them their defence. Italy—ironically called one of the Great Powers of Europe—had been made to bend her knee before any foreigner who raised his voice. Not even the memory of those who died for the national independence was to be respected longer; not even the Garibaldian songs—real national anthems—were to be allowed, since our "dear ally," Austria, had made known her dislike for them. In short, it was an epoch of slow suffocation for whoever was born with or acquired ideas different from those allowed by the Freemasons. And to think that our foreign friends, the Liberals, are shedding so many tears on the coffin of the dead Italian Masonry! Perhaps to-morrow—if they forget also what Gladstone wrote to the *Times*—they will advocate the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Naples. Nothing, indeed, could be more consistent.

It is, then, not to be wondered at that, as Turati, the

Socialist leader, said: "Everybody who was not a good-for-nothing turned Socialist," for it was a striking fact that the new recruits were not drawn from the common people, but from the middle classes, and even from the aristocracy. Nor is it to be wondered at that Mussolini, the very man for surgical action, could not remain aloof and wait for the putrified corpse to come back to life. No! He had brain, he had courage. He had to become a Socialist, a revolutionary, an armed prophet; but, unlike the others, he was an Italian first.

His companions talked of international bliss; he studied economics, finance, agriculture, trade, industry. While others were swollen with the wind of their own rhetoric on the subject of tyranny and liberty, he was storing power for his revolution. Every time he cast his eye over the boundary—that boundary which he, *the Socialist*, could not bear to think of because on the other side there were still millions of Italians under Austrian rule—he averted his gaze with rage, the rage of one stung in his national pride. On the one side there was civilization, while on his side there were fattened Masons, misery, and lack of discipline. And from the top of his Socialistic ladder he struck his first mighty blow at Freemasonry—*no Freemason was to be allowed in the Socialist ranks*. The second, and still more terrible blow, was to be delivered by the same man when at the height of his power, both as a Fascist leader and a Prime Minister—*no Civil Servant could be a Freemason*.

Italy, freed at last from her dreadful cancer, was ready for progress.

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Anne Kuliscioff had guessed right: "He (Mussolini) is nothing of a Marxist, nor is he really a Socialist at all."

Mussolini sympathized with the economic difficulties of the working classes, and had fought to obtain for them better conditions of life, but he was nothing of the "International Red." He was an Italian, and, as an Italian, he could not possibly think of siding in the World War with the Central Powers, of allying with Austria, the nation which still held two Italian provinces—Trento and Trieste. In the beginning, therefore, all his efforts

were concentrated against the Nationalists, who were inclined to favour fighting against France, and he paralysed their machinations by the following declaration printed in *Avanti*, the great Socialist daily which he edited: "*The moment Italy showed inclination to break neutrality in order to back up the Central Powers, the Italian Proletariat would have but the one duty—we say it out clearly and distinctly—that of rising in rebellion!*" This was soon after followed up by an assertion that Italians could be "*neither friends nor accomplices of Austria, nor of Germany.*" And when he had succeeded in compelling Italy to remain neutral, he immediately began to work for the war of liberation of the two Italian provinces. He resigned the editorship of *Avanti*, founded the *Popolo d'Italia*, and started to preach against the murderers of Belgium. Then the war came; and Mussolini joined the army, fought, and received forty-two wounds.

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By November 4, 1918, along the River Piave, the Austrian Empire was smashed to bits by the valour of the Italian Army. Germany, realizing that she would now have to deal with a victorious army attacking from the south, ceased hostilities on November 11. But the Italian Ministers of the older generation, accustomed to see their country constantly on her knees, found it hard to realize that Italy had won the war. They took with them to Versailles their habitual love of conciliation, they reaped many a compliment on the remarkable way in which they spoke French, and returned to Rome with swollen heads and empty hands.

In a few months' time the whole country was in the throes of chaos. The Communists sent from Russia were fanning the fires lit here and there by unemployment and by the disgust which many Italians felt for their wretched Government. In such conditions it is not difficult for the paid organizers of violence to find recruits amongst the dregs of any nation; and it was especially easy in Italy after Nitti ordered that all war deserters should be released from prison. Thus the dregs, encouraged by the conciliatory methods of the Government, grew bolder and bolder every day, until they reached the point of open persecution under the very eyes of the police,

and very often even directed their persecution against the police themselves.

The Liberals both of Italy and of other countries have advanced since those years of blood and terror, when no one was safe in Italy unless he wore the Soviet badge, although they displayed a very Christian sensitiveness every time a Fascist compelled a Communist to drink a couple of ounces of castor oil. Those Liberals would have felt differently even then if they had been university students (after having served as officers in the war) in towns like Bologna, Milan, or Venice. With my own eyes I have seen students—still in uniform, but prevented by the Premier Nitti (who now, from abroad, tramples his mother country under foot only because the Italians have not summoned him to the Government) from carrying the revolver which in Italy is part of the uniform—being attacked by a murderous crowd and left dying on the cobbles or in the canals, without the police attempting to interfere or the magistrates to execute justice. The Government order was: "Not to excite the people!"

So it happened that one morning the people of Bologna woke to realize that there was no bread to be bought that day without producing the Communist card. And, of course, they joined the party for the sake of bread! And another morning, when Turin discovered that her factories had been occupied by the Communists, two young men were dragged before the revolutionary tribunal formed by anarchists and deserters, and condemned to be thrown alive into the furnaces of a foundry. They were Mario Sonzini and Constantino Scimula. They were young, they had mothers and small brothers entirely dependent on them; but they had been volunteers in the war. They were executed after a mock trial of a few minutes. At Molinella—that peaceful Eden of the English Liberal papers, a village already famous before the war for the many murders committed by the Reds—a crowd of Communists, men and women, invaded an estate, killed the keepers, disembowelled one of them, and stuffed his carcass with straw. His wife witnessed the whole scene from a window. At Bologna, Dr. Giordani, a war invalid, was shot dead, together with other minority members, while opposing the Communist majority at a

meeting of the Town Council. At Milan, practically all the performers, both in the orchestra and on the stage of the Diana Theatre, were butchered by a Communist bomb.

Still the Government did not think it wise to interfere. Is it, then, to be wondered at that Mussolini, the man who had become a revolutionary in order to save his country from decay, should take up arms when the cowardice of the Ministers allowed a pack of bloodthirsty wolves, supplied with Russian gold, to put Italy to sack and fire? And is it to be wondered at that the Red Revolution was crushed with its own weapons? But Mussolini made an original experiment with his revolution. In the past (think of Russia) the revolutionary party has always set up, after a victory, revolutionary tribunals and court-martialled those who did not bend. Mussolini, instead, chose to adhere to constitutional methods. No scaffolds saluted his victory.

To future generations history will bear testimony to the wisdom of his policy and action.

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I am afraid that instead of writing a review of Signora Sarfatti's most interesting book, I have written a criticism. And, because a criticism should be an explanation, I have tried to lay stress on some points in "The Life of Benito Mussolini" which otherwise might not have been quite clear to English readers unfamiliar with pre-war conditions in Italy.

The Passing of the Qajars

By Suleiman

THERE are five things, says a didactic Persian philosopher, which are befitting a great king: Dignity, generosity to his soldiers, the encouragement of agriculture, the punishment of oppressors, and clemency to a fallen foe. The kings of the Qajar dynasty, who have ruled Persia for a century and a-half, have been for the most part singularly lacking in all of these qualifications.

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century, soon after the death of Nadir Shah, that Mahomed Husayn Khan Qajar, chieftain of a Turkish tribe settled in North-west Persia, made his bid for power. He failed, and paid the penalty; but his successor, Aga Mahomed, renewed the attempt. Aga Mahomed's adversary was the gallant, unfortunate Lutf Ali Khan, the last prince of true Persian blood to rule that country. Lutf Ali was a Persian Prince Rupert; what his gallantry gained his hot-tempered rashness threw away. Moreover, his troops were drawn from the Persian tribes of the south, and were not equal in warlike qualities to the more hardy Turks of the north, who fought for Aga Mahomed. Lutf Ali Khan's debacle took place at Kerman; he was killed and his army slaughtered, and Aga Mahomed became Shah of Persia and founder of the Qajar dynasty.

Persia is the oldest kingdom in the world, and its long list of sovereigns has included some of the greatest and the meanest, the best and the worst, of mankind. But from all the rest the name of Aga Mahomed stands out as a monster of frigid and vindictive cruelty. When he was a boy of eight he fell into the hands of an enemy of his family, and was mutilated; he revenged this injury upon mankind at large. It is said that after the fall of Kerman he directed that 20,000 pairs of eyes should be brought to him. When this was done, he counted them, and finding the number not complete, he ordered the eyes of the officer and men who brought them to be torn out to make up the tally.

This miscreant ruled over Persia for four years only. The manner of his death is interesting. He was disturbed one night by two of his servants quarrelling in an outer chamber. He promptly ordered them both to be executed. But it was the night of Friday, and according to the religious law of Islam the execution had to be deferred until six o'clock on the following evening. Meanwhile, with contemptuous cruelty, he did not cause the condemned men to be arrested, but made them continue their services about his person. Nine Persians out of ten would have justified his contempt by waiting meekly for the hour of death; but one of these men happened to be an exception; he took his chance, and stabbed the Shah with his own dagger.

Aga Mahomed left a name which is still heartily execrated by Persians, and a nephew, Fateh Ali Khan, who succeeded him. Fateh Ali was an Oriental "Grand Monarque" of the type of Louis the Fourteenth. In his day Persia still retained the outward appearance of a great empire. The glamour of past greatness, revived by the quite recent conquests of Nadir Shah, and the great pomp and ceremony of the court of the King of kings, gave to the world a very false impression of his dominion, power, and glory; and when Napoleon was planning his invasion of India, envoys from France and Britain sought the alliance of Persia with an eagerness which must have delighted the vanity of Fateh Ali and his courtiers. But his bubble was pricked very soon, when a Russian army invaded the Caucasus (which was then Persian territory). It is said that the measures which Fateh Ali took to resist this invasion were confined to appearing in a grand Durbar of his nobles, clad in the Red Robe of Wrath, and decreeing the immediate extermination of the barbarians from the north by the Sword of Destruction—his invincible army. It was considered certain that when the news of this awful threat reached the Russians they would incontinently turn tail and disappear; but, as very little action followed the decree, the stolid Russians marched on, and Persia presently tasted the first of those bitter humiliations, at the hands of a despised enemy, which beset proud and ancient nations in the days of their decline.

Nevertheless, Persians still speak with admiration and awe of Fateh Ali Khan, of his magnificence—"he was one blaze of jewels," says an Englishman who visited his court, "which literally dazzled the sight"—of his patriarchal beard, and, above all, of his enormous progeny—the number of his sons and daughters ran into three figures, and they, with their families, had to be suitably maintained from the revenues of a dutiful but impoverished country.

Fateh Ali Khan was succeeded in turn by his son, Mahomed Shah, and by his grandson, Nasiruddin Shah. The latter was the first reigning Shah to indulge in foreign travel, a luxury which has proved the undoing of his latest descendant; and there are Englishmen still living who will remember the great preparations which were made to welcome the occupant of the throne of Cyrus in this country. He enjoyed his first trip so much that he repeated it twice, and each time, after his return, he published a diary which he had conscientiously kept for the enlightenment of his less fortunate subjects. These diaries, by the way, make excellent reading even at this day, by reason of the frank and easy style in which the illustrious author discourses on those manifestations of Western civilization which impressed him most favourably, ranging from the battleships of the British Navy to the legs of the ladies of the *corps de ballet*, and from Queen Victoria to the lions at the Zoo.

Nasiruddin was, on the whole, the best of the Qajar kings. He was a big, powerful man of striking appearance, with plenty of energy and capacity for affairs. He reigned for fifty years, and was assassinated by a fanatic while paying his devotions at the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim, near Teheran, a few days before the date fixed for the celebration of his Jubilee.

To Nasiruddin succeeded Muzaffar-ud-din, a genial, easy-going monarch and a great hunter before the Lord. He preserved the game in the mountains round Teheran, and built a number of shooting-boxes, most of which are now derelict. He inherited his father's taste for foreign travel, and, like him, had a regal habit of purchasing everything that took his fancy, regardless of cost. The palaces of Teheran accordingly contain what is probably

the most fantastic collection of priceless and paltry objects ever brought together in this or any other age. Over against the Peacock Throne is an elaborate clockwork toy, made in Germany, the mechanism long since broken and out of order. Tawdry glassware, ormolu clocks and mirrors are jumbled with silken tapestries and exquisite enamelled vases; and a stuffed cockatoo in a glass case looks down disparagingly on carpets worth a king's ransom from the looms of Kerman and Kashan.

The public revenues of Persia at this time amounted to something under £2,000,000 a year, and there was no check on expenditure by the Shah; but this was not enough for Muzaffar-ud-din, and he raised more by borrowing from Russia and Great Britain, pledging in return the most fruitful revenues of the kingdom. Meanwhile, the pay of the army and the public services fell into hopeless arrear. The civil officials lived on bribes and on peculation, and the troops lived on the people among whom they were quartered.

This state of things could not continue indefinitely. An agitation for constitutional reform and control of expenditure was started by some of those who had travelled with the Shah, as members of his suite, in Western Europe. The soil was ready for the seed; and after a few set-backs the agitation reached such a stage that the Shah, who had no power, physical, political, or moral, to support him, was compelled by a sort of general strike to grant a Constitution and to summon Persia's first Parliament. Having done which, he died, and left his son, Mahomed Ali, to cope with the situation.

Mahomed Ali was even more ineffectual than his father, and after one or two inglorious attempts to rid himself of the nightmare of Parliamentary control, he was deposed and retired into exile.

His son, Sultan Ahmed Shah, has just suffered the same fate. When his father was driven from the throne he was only thirteen years old, a timid, undersized child, with large, frightened eyes set in a thin, sallow face, and slender, nerveless limbs. It is said—I do not know if it is true—that he wept when he learned that he was to stay in Persia and become Shah, and begged to be allowed to go away with his father. Far happier for him if this

had been permitted. After he had been crowned Shah, eight years later, he began to display the vices which were hereditary in his family, together with others peculiarly his own. Avarice, gluttony, and cowardice are not seemly in a king; and it was for these that the unfortunate Sultan Ahmed became notorious. From a slim boy he grew, in a few years, into an immensely corpulent and flabby youth. The fate of his great-grandfather, Nasiruddin, was ever before his eyes; he never ventured to leave his palace without a large escort, and seldom showed himself to his people. It is not on record that he ever visited any portion of his own dominions outside Teheran; but at the first opportunity, after the Great War, he left Persia for Paris, and only returned in 1920 for a short interval.

Like all the Qajars, except perhaps Nasiruddin, he has made what he could out of his people, and has given them nothing in return. Frankly, whatever sympathy we may have for an inexperienced lad who, without wise and disinterested counsellors, never had a fair chance to make good, it must be admitted that Persia is well rid of him and of his race.

In a former article* an account has been given of the three most potent factors which are shaping the destinies of Persia at the present time. These are: the influence of the religious leaders; the fervent patriotism of the Persian people; and the personality of Reza Khan Pehlevi. In December last, with the acquiescence of the clericals, and by the practically unanimous vote of the representatives of the people, Reza Khan ascended the Peacock Throne and became Reza Shah, first monarch of the Pehlevi dynasty. There is now good cause to hope that the three forces will work together, in their own interests and in the interests of their country. There are, indeed, disruptive influences at work, but they are comparatively impotent; and unless the new Shah should blunder his allies into opposition—which is unlikely—or unless Bolshevik intrigue should succeed in setting them against him and against each other, the establishment of a Constitutional Monarchy, in which King, Church, and Parliament shall each bear their due share of power and

* ENGLISH REVIEW, July 1925.

responsibility is a practical possibility. If this should happily be achieved, the outlook will be brighter than it has been for very many years.

Persia has now an opportunity of making a fresh start on the road which leads to freedom, good government, and national self-respect. She has past experience—her own and others'—to guide her. She has escaped the abyss of Bolshevism, and is not likely to fall into it now. No free nation, least of all a Mahomedan nation, would ever choose deliberately, on its own initiative, to become Bolshevik; and Reza Shah may be trusted to keep the foreign agitator and propaganda merchant at a distance. Nor is it probable that Persia will desire to emulate the example now being offered to the astonished East by India, where a small band of conscientious administrators are engaged in divesting themselves of authority and bestowing the blessings of an alien-spirited democracy on a bewildered but submissive people, in the teeth of childish opposition from that very class of politicians whom the "reforms" were intended to benefit and to placate.

The road is a long one, and there are no short cuts; but Persia is more advanced on this road than is India. She has her own troubles, but she is not hampered by the racial antagonisms and religious hatreds which make government by vote, in the latter country, a farce. At the moment Persia's need is a stable government based upon the people's will, but in which the personal element must still be paramount. She needs a king who can rule, and at the same time use his power to build up a constitutional tradition which will survive him; and all her friends hope that Reza Shah Pehlevi is the man.

The Poisoning of Youth

By John Rudd

I BUY some hundreds of books a year. I am compelled to do so. The books are mostly novels. Being librarian in a big school, I am responsible for the character and worthiness of the literary pabulum (outside the official syllabuses) which the boys consume. My experience during the post-war period has almost reduced me to despair. Except for boys' books of an essentially juvenile interest and detective stories, I have found most of the general library fiction unfitted to our needs. The "trail" yarns were at first healthy, but these, too, have slithered down the greasy slopes of the muck hill. Boys in the upper forms, and especially in the "tops," have to be catered for, and their interests are no longer juvenile; nor does the breeziness of Wodehouse, nor the merriment of Leacock, nor the historical pageants of Weyman, Bailey or Sabatini satisfy, except for a short time, these young, modern, voracious readers. They want, nay, demand, Wells, Bennett, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rose Macaulay, Galsworthy—in short, all the most advertised moderns. Brought up on the healthy diet of Kipling, Marryat, Ian Hay, Wells (early period), and others of their select company, these lads, growing apace, want diet more suitable to their years. Where is it to be found? In that supplied by the authors I have said they demand? In Brett Young? In Warwick Deeping? In Locke? In any of the moderns? Maybe, but only after careful censorship; e.g. Alec Waugh's school yarn was eagerly devoured, but who would put into a school library his "Kept"? Wells wrote "The Time Machine," but who would put into a school library his "Dream" or his latest book? The difficulty, frankly stated, is that in most of the novels now written by well-known authors there is either a flagrant or a subtly suggested lack of that morality which schoolmasters at least consider necessary for boys during the important years of their character building. Not only are the minor dramatis personæ aberrant, wilfully or unwilfully, but even the chief are so often found acting in like manner.

Having read Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell & Son," I am again urged to protest against the class of fiction to

which it belongs. This book has been "boomed," and its many editions show that, if it is not popular, it has been read by hundreds of thousands of people. It has also been reviewed or briefly noted in journals innumerable. As many of these notices stated that the book was wholly admirable—indeed, the finest work of its well-known author—the result was that I bought it, read it, reflected upon it, and decided that once again, as so often before, I had bought and read a book which I not only did not want, but also could not recommend to my friends, especially young friends. My protest ought, therefore, to be wider in its scope—wide enough to challenge the author who writes the book, the publisher who publishes it, and particularly, I venture to think, the many reviewers whose chief function seems to be to bait a hook for the public to swallow.

"Haven't you got 'Sorrell & Son' yet, sir?" asks a prefect.

"Not yet, old chap!" I answer, trying to smile. In the bright and clever and healthy lad before me I see Kit Sorrell as he was at seventeen or eighteen, flushed with the pride of his scholarship at Cambridge. My prefect has also the same pride—a scholarship at Oxford. And, naturally, I wonder how the sex reaction will assail him, as it assailed Kit, within the next five or six years. Shall I provide him with books which, fascinatingly written, will allow moralities learnt at school, and jealously prided by his growing manhood, to be seen as things lacking in ultimate authority? Must I, through these books, deprive him of some of his armour when alone in the world he meets the Devil?

A sermon is the priest's work. It is none of mine. Clearly, however, I touch on grounds here which permit of a comprehensive and, later, a detailed, indictment of this type of novel. What I wish to do is to expose the question by reference to any one book, and the book I take is "Sorrell & Son." It will summarize the problem adequately.

None will deny the lure of this novel. Cleverly conceived, and brightly, sometimes vividly, written, it catches the reader in its spell, and it is difficult to put the book down. The mutual love of Sorrell and his boy, the heroism of Sorrell, the trials of Kit—all combine to captivate the attention to a truly human theme. The

narrative, until Kit is grown to manhood and is in the Hospital School in London, is exceptionally good and, on the whole, healthy in tone: afterwards there is a sad decline in the power of the craftsman and in the interest of his work. Roughly proportioned, the first half of this book is acceptable: the second, unacceptable. There are, as I have suggested, other reasons than the *moral* for this judgment. For example, the author seems to go out of his way to propagate notions concerning Education, Democracy, Trade Unionism—notions which are strangely self-opinionated and almost foolishly didactic in that they aim at stimulating hostilities in class consciousness. Or again, the easy release of Kit from his first liaison through a fatal bus accident is clearly a bad lapse in a book which professes stern realism. And the cruel end of Sorrell is altogether gratuitous in that it merely resolves itself into (1) an opportunity of displaying certain medical knowledge, and (2)—which is much more important—an opportunity to suggest, if not to teach openly, a negative philosophy—nihilism.

But the *moral* reason is sufficient here. Any close analysis of it will raise alarming questions. It is the old problem of sex, and the author treats it in what I suppose is the modern way. It is not the problem that matters: it is the treatment of it. And it is surely time that someone dare plainly tell novel writers, scientific or romantic, that they alone cannot claim to be expert in this treatment, let alone have a monopoly in the teachings of it. Stripped of unnecessary verbosities, the problem is to train the youth to respect their own manhood, and to respect woman even to the degree of reverence, and to carry this double respect into their lives when the full obligations of manhood are inevitable. The Christian code of ethics—and our educational system (so despised by Mr. Deeping) is based on this code—aims at this practicable ideal. What aid does "Sorrell & Son" give us in this matter? Apart from the shadowy housekeeper, who contrived Mr. Buck's undoing, there is not a woman in the book who can command a healthy respect. All are obviously bad, being either frankly immoral or frankly rebellious to the acknowledged codes of decent behaviour. Exception may possible be made in the case of Fanny, but the author leaves even her gravely within the shadows.

Weightier condemnation, however, than this can be brought against the book. In the instances given of the collision of the young men and women, the sex instinct is seen to be predominant, and so hungry to be satisfied that it demands and receives almost instant satisfaction! The primary virtue of self-control, to say nothing about so high a virtue as purity, is simply ignored. In the youth this is bad enough, but to be instructed by novelists that it is also the case with the young modern woman is both revolting and alarming. Indeed, the author of "Sorrell & Son" publicly acknowledges his membership of the ever-increasing company of present-day novelists who write about "free love" as an inevitable consequence of the so-called emancipation of women, and the general loosening of the old-fashioned ethical ties of our progressive "non-Christian civilization." For the well-trained youth to lose his long-trained self-control almost on the first occasion of meeting a desirous woman is surely a travesty of the truth: but the scene so commonly presented to us by these writers of an apparently well-and-long-trained girl willingly abandoning herself to the physical service of the first desirous man she meets is sheer tragedy. The argument seems to be: young women to be fully emancipated must be allowed to "have a good time," just as young men are supposed to "sow their wild oats." Hence, a deliberate rejection of old standards of morality by the young modern women of all classes. Moreover, the knowledge of contraceptives allows them to make conditions—no babies! At least, this is the position as I understand Mr. Deeping's description of it. Indeed, he makes his young women go further than this, and by their talk outrage any healthy mind, arguing that babies are not only ugly and horrible, but unnecessary and hateful! An anti-climax of womanhood, surely! The mentality of this seems to be indecent almost to the degree of insanity; but both Kit's women talk and act in this way. One is reminded of the infamous remark in the last book by Aldous Huxley (I think it was the last): "Contraception has rendered chastity superfluous," uttered by a young and beautiful and seemingly innocent and charming girl! (This book, too, by the way, was inquired for by some of my boys.)

The chief points or reasons for my protest have now

been made. Some sympathy may in consequence be felt for those men and women, who, like myself, are directly responsible for the training of the youth of this country, a youth as desirous of reading as of playing sport! Our censorship is justified, we think, even if our protest is unavailing. But, ceasing to be personal, and taking a more comprehensive view of this grave matter, may I ask: "Where are we going?" The function of the modern novelist seems to be complex: he creates art, he makes money, and *he instructs us in the social manners of our civilization.* Of this last self-imposed duty there can be no doubt, and it is this particular function which demands our attention. If the novelists I have mentioned set out with the aim of describing life as they see it, and, further, prepare themselves for their task by moving about freely, and investigating at close quarters the problems they wish to write of, then their "fiction" characters and their stories of life are in the main true. Free love with all its vicious and irresponsible concomitants is the rule (and not the exception) in the life of our young manhood and womanhood! Marriage and babies are taboo! What have always been regarded as the healthy standards of social morality have become despised and given up as old-fashioned. If this is true, are we not to ask ourselves and to prevail upon our youth to ask themselves: "Where are we going? What will be the consequences of this age of license?"

Schoolmasters live remote from the whirling tide of social demands: they are therefore apt to be short-sighted in their ignorance of these demands. Instructed by novelists as to the changing nature of these demands, the schoolmaster, conscious of his mission, retires within the fortress of his austerity and moral idealism, and becomes a challenging censor. To see his boys broken, maimed, and killed on the battlefield is often his sad lot; he finds consolation—*Dulce et decorum mori pro patria!* A heroic sublimation of character. To see his boys, clean-limbed, full-spirited, tested in character, and their visions of woman idealistic, go forth into the world as Sir Galahads, but, alas, unlike him to become the prey and victims of Circean manners and philosophic materialism, is so dreadful a prospect that it holds no promise of consolation. It is wholly bad, and he instinctively retreats before its

menace. "Flee evil!" But, while he retreats, he plans to defend his own. In this supreme task he has the right to call for aid from all the "pastors and teachers" of humanity. Among this great company the novelists claim to be enrolled. Well, let them answer the call!

If I suggest that the modern schoolboy is without fault, and living in the fool's paradise of blissful ignorance, I commit an error. The boy knows much concerning sex; he has more *accurate* knowledge than the majority of us had when we were at his age. His knowledge is all to the good; but his knowledge is not the point. The point to be stressed is, that the boy has been trained to regard any lapse as a fault, a loss of self-respect involving loss of dignity and defect of character; he has been taught that while sex is healthy it is likely to become tyrannous and that it must always be kept in its subordinate place. This involves fight, stern and protracted—a fight against what is *immoral*—a fight by and in which his manhood is tested. But these books show by illustration that the fight is farcical, that the "episode" is inevitable, that the first lapse is the "realization of manhood," that it has no obligations, and, if any arise, they can easily be rejected, and so on. They teach the contrary of what the school has taught. Their perversions of the ethical code, either accidental or deliberate, are pernicious—for they are clever and full of lure.

How can we be assisted? By novelists writing books which will stimulate idealism—books which at least are healthy inculcations of the old truth: The wages of sin is death. By publishers accepting the mission of true educationists. If "profits" in this commercial age will not permit these sacrifices, then at least we may beg that the reviewers will honestly tell us what is in the books so that we may know whether they are worth our money or not.

"Got that book yet, sir?"

"No."

"When's it coming in?"

"Well, I don't think it will come. It's—er—a book that runs off the rails rather. Should advise you to give it a miss, old chap. Won't do you any good. Pig's stuff!"

"Right-o, sir!" And with a smile, frank and grateful, I venture to think, he will leave me.

The Housing Dole

By B. S. Townroe

MILLIONS of pounds a year are being spent at present on housing. The expenditure is so stupendous that no Government so far has dared to tell the taxpayers officially the total sum that has been expended, or is a future liability, in the form of taxes and rates.

We know, however, that the amount of subsidies paid during the year 1924–25, according to the last official report of the Ministry of Health, in respect of houses erected by local authorities, county councils, public utility societies, and housing trusts, under Dr. Addison's Act of 1919 was £7,863,846. An annual charge of approximately this amount will fall upon the present and future generations until about the year A.D. 1980. Thus our grandchildren will still be paying for the houses erected with the help of the Government subsidy during the past five years.

According to a reply given to the House of Commons by Mr. Neville Chamberlain last month, the estimated capital value of Government contributions towards houses authorized under his own Act of 1923, and under the Wheatley Act of 1924, is over 32 million pounds. The exact figures are £18,045,300 for 240,604 houses authorized under the 1923 Act. The subsidy offered under this Act is to continue until 1943. The estimated capital value of the 88,954 houses authorized under the Wheatley Act is £14,232,640, and this continues until A.D. 1964. Information is not available to enable an estimate to be made of the additional payments by local authorities paid out of the rates. It is obvious, however, from these figures, that the drain upon taxpayers and ratepayers for our State housing schemes constitutes a heavy burden upon our national life, and daily more liabilities are being undertaken.

Looked at without any false sentiment, these payments are, in fact, doles to members of the community who are living in houses with a considerable part of the rent paid

for them by their neighbours. I know certain flats in London where the tenants are paying approximately a gross rent of 22s. a week, but if they were asked to pay weekly a rent that would represent five per cent. on the original capital expended, they would have to pay at least 45s. a week. Thus on each flat there is a loss of over £1 a week that actually comes out of the National Exchequer. This is no isolated example. There are over 344,000 houses that are now leased to the present tenants at "uneconomic" rents.

It is not the place here to discuss past policies, for the Coalition, the Conservative, and the Socialist Governments have each their own responsibility for placing this debt not only upon the shoulders of the present generation, but on our children and grandchildren. Each Government, irrespective of party, tried courageously to find a remedy for the shortage of housing accommodation that existed after the armistice. The whole nation had its social conscience aroused, and with the utmost zeal and sincerity, successive Cabinets, supported in the main by all the larger local authorities, have made every possible effort to make up the deficiency. For various reasons, some of which I detailed a year ago in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, such as the shortage of the skilled arms of the industry, the extreme readiness of certain branches to profiteer at the expense of the rest of the community, the inefficiency of the old-fashioned methods and organization of many employers, the lack of land suitable for housing in our industrial districts, and for other causes, progress has been hampered. In Scotland the problem is of the utmost gravity. At least 20,000 new houses are needed annually, and only 5,000 are being built.

Now after seven years' effort the nation has good cause to look back with a certain pride on what has already been accomplished in England and Wales. Nevertheless, we must consider the future with anxious care, for in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, the time has almost arrived for the Government to say boldly that all subsidies must now cease, and that the building of small houses must once again be placed upon an economic basis.

Before such drastic action can be taken, due notice will, of course, have to be given, for local authorities and

builders are committing themselves to contracts on the assumption that the subsidy will continue. Mr. Wheatley attempted to guarantee that this would be given until the year 1937, but his officials, who were responsible for drawing up the regulations for the administration of the 1924 Act, were careful to make it clear that the granting of the subsidy of £9 a year for forty years could be renewed at any time if the prices became unreasonably high, and that in any case the whole situation would be reviewed every three years. Next year, 1927, is therefore the critical period for the Government and the nation to decide whether they wish a subsidy to be continued or not. In any case Mr. Neville Chamberlain is bound to renew the conditions of the subsidy under both Acts, 1923 and 1924, in October this year. It is probable that in consequence of his review an order will be issued varying the subsidy, either in the amount or in the number of years in which it is granted. The Minister of Health has stated to Parliament, however, that if a house in an approved scheme has been substantially started by October 1 next, it will be eligible for the present subsidy.

If the rate of building houses continues as satisfactorily this year as it has done in 1925 there will be upwards of three-quarters of a million houses built by next Christmas. Already in Great Britain there have been no fewer than 519,600 houses completed under the various Acts, including 140,687 that have been built without any assistance from public funds whatsoever, but are of the rateable value of £26 a year or under. At the end of 1925 there were also over 200,000 houses authorized to be built under the Housing Acts of 1923 and 1924. Although it is not suggested that these houses really meet the whole need, and certainly they do not provide the alternative accommodation that must be available, if slum clearances are to be carried through, it surely must be obvious that with over half a million small houses already completed and occupied, the whole housing situation is entering upon a new phase.

Unfortunately these houses are not really providing for the needs of the lowest class, where disease and immorality are engendered owing to the conditions of overcrowding. Mr. Wheatley was quite right when he

insisted that the 1923 Act was not providing houses for the unskilled manual classes. Only those who are in "sheltered" occupations, who work on the railways or on municipal tramways, employees of the State or of local authorities, and those with a little capital, have been able to buy their own houses, even with the assistance so wisely offered in the shape of loans and grants. Mr. Wheatley aimed at providing houses that could be let. But in the main all that he accomplished was to send up the cost of building by about the same amount of money as he increased the subsidy, and his houses, except in very few instances, are also being occupied by the "sheltered" class. Thus we find that at least £10,000,000 a year are being taken out of the pockets of the taxpayer in order to provide cottages and flats for a class which, in many cases, could afford to pay the full market value.

No criticism is intended upon the policy that has been adopted. The nation was doing its best to clear off arrears, and to remedy housing conditions. But it is probable that the rents now being paid in many districts could well be increased. On this point the evidence given by Sir Theodore Chambers, the Chairman of the Government Rents Tribunal, is significant. The rents now being charged for council houses are fixed for each type of house in an area, having a general regard for pre-war rents and local conditions of wages. But this flat rent, admirable in socialistic theory, from the national point of view in practice is unsatisfactory. There are tenants of certain council houses in the London district earning £800 a year and more, and yet they receive indirectly a remittance in rent that represents a dole of over a pound a week. The same is true in almost every district. The selection of tenants for council houses is a source of profound dissatisfaction and complaint. Some can easily afford to pay far more, while a few, suffering owing to unemployment, cannot afford even the present "uneconomic" rent.

Further, personal investigation on almost any large housing estate will prove that some of the houses are already becoming slums. Overcrowding in houses erected under the Addison scheme, designed in some cases by the leading architects of the day on a standard far higher

than was ever dreamt of in pre-war days, is rampant. I visited one estate last month in the north of England. In one house, built in 1923, the smell was fœtid; children of various families sprawled together on the bare floors of one room; and the local officials had a hard task to prevent the woodwork, purchased at exorbitant prices a few years ago, from being used as fuel. Next door the same type of house was clean and prosperous. Enquiry revealed the fact that the actual wages earned by the tenant in the squalid house were far higher than those of the tenant of the clean house, but were being thrown away on gambling or drink. Nevertheless, in each case the taxpayer has to foot the bill, and will continue to do so after some of the Addison houses have been condemned as uninhabitable.

This present flat rent is unfortunately penalizing the thrifty and is encouraging folly and vice. At last local authorities are now being encouraged to exercise more discrimination, and as long as a certain income from rents is obtained on one scheme they can charge differential or flat rents as they like. This is a wise change advised by Sir Theodore Chambers's tribunal.

The whole question is, of course, complicated by the restrictions upon rent. If the Government is courageous enough to decide next year to terminate the Rent Restrictions Act, we shall certainly see an even greater acceleration in the building of poorer class houses by private enterprise. But so long as there is no longer a free market for old and new houses, the building industry, so far as cottage building is concerned, is living an artificial life. Both the State and the local authority are competing with the small builders. The suggested policy of terminating all rent restrictions and abolishing the subsidy will certainly not be popular, and therefore, from a political point of view, it is all the more important that it should be carried through without delay. Housing reformers who would insist upon a separate bathroom, even if our financial plight was as bad as that of France, will, of course, howl loudly if any such proposal is put forward, while Labour politicians will pour out abuse against landlords, large and small, if they are allowed to charge "economic" rents.

If, however, the situation is honestly faced, it must be confessed that the two objectives that originally inspired the subsidy have not been attained. Under the Addison scheme it was hoped that the rent of the post-war house would be on the same scale as that of the pre-war house, and that all would have a benefit from the subsidy. But owing to the cost of building remaining double or treble of what it was before the war this ideal has not been attainable. Thus it is often found that a slum dweller in some congested court, paying, or pretending to pay, at irregular intervals 3s. 6d. a week, objects vehemently if it is proposed that the area should be cleared, and that he should be given a clean, comfortable council house with three bedrooms and a separate bathroom at say 14s. 6d. a week. He refuses to go, and there is no power to transfer him. Under such circumstances he at last retreats grumbling to share part of a room in the house of a neighbour nearby, while possibly an official from the town clerk's department of the local authority snaps up the new house.

The other ideal behind the subsidy was that the houses should be let to those who were really in need of them. Accordingly certain admirable principles were laid down in circulars issued by the Ministry of Health in 1920 and 1921, advising local authorities to select tenants who were ex-Service men, and who had large families. Unfortunately, as events have turned out, it is often the father of a family, who served overseas during the war, who to-day cannot afford even the "uneconomic" rents asked. Thus the subsidy does not help the poorest class and those most in need, but is virtually a gift to the black-coated and "sheltered" persons. Housing Committees throughout the country are only too well aware of the dilemma in which they consequently find themselves.

The present Prime Minister and Mr. Neville Chamberlain realized this at least a year ago. They then decided to encourage alternative methods of construction, and we therefore heard during the last year much of the Weir "steel" house and other forms of construction that would utilize systems of mass production. It was hoped that these would bring the cost of cottage houses to such a point that an economic rent could be charged, and could

be paid by the unskilled manual labourer. After a year what do we find? Significant figures were revealed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain to Parliament in December. He then stated that £28,000 had been allocated for grants towards the erection of demonstration houses built by alternative methods of construction, but that the actual payments made only amounted to £2,800. In several cases these much-advertised new methods have proved to be more expensive than a house of brick or concrete construction, and expert opinion is extremely dubious as to the length of life and the cost of maintenance of certain timber and steel houses.

It may well be that this year will see a marked advance in the application of mass production and standardization to house building, but so far the stimulus of State subsidies has not had much apparent result. The surest path of progress is certainly that pursued by Mr. Chamberlain—the encouragement of private enterprise and the continuous repair of old houses. The renovation during 1923 of 512,987 houses in urban districts and 49,530 in rural areas has done much to ameliorate conditions. The real hope, however, is the building industry, daily becoming stronger with supplies of materials increasing and more apprentices being trained. As the resources of the industry are augmented so the housing problem will become less complex.

Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain has in front of him an even more difficult and distasteful task than the paying out of public money. To reduce or abolish the "dole" to housing will be a step as bitterly opposed as the tightening up of the administration of so-called unemployment benefits, but by that course alone can the necessary economies be effected so as to cheapen the building of small cottages that can be rented by manual workers. In any case, no complete solution is possible within the lifetime of the present generation, for we can only proceed step by step, and we shall before long have to deal with the mass of houses built at the time of the Industrial Revolution that are nearly worn out. Mr. Chamberlain has up to date piloted the housing boat so skilfully that we must trust him to keep the nation off the rocks that loom ahead in the fog of the future.

With a Long Spoon

By Withers Gill

THE night I supped with the Devil these things happened.

The evening was typical of the African bush in the tornado season. Mother Nature was pausing from one of her most passionate outbursts, for that dear lady is always in extremes in these regions and, even at her best, seems harsh and cruel. Trees dripped drearily in the adjacent forest. Wet pools studded the cleared spaces, reflecting the angry red of the swiftly darkening sky. Heavy storm-clouds, stained a threatening crimson, lowered on the horizon. The air was dank and steamy, breathing both melancholy and mystery. No sound broke the brooding silence save the sobbing echo of a distant tom-tom. It was an atmosphere to which one became peculiarly sensitive, and both with my mood and the occasion was Nature in harmony.

And my prospective host was no distorted monster of the imagination. He had neither cloven hoof nor forked tongue, nor did flames belch from his mouth. But for all that he was an influence for good or evil, and I was out to see what special form of *retro me Sathanas* would be potent enough to bring him on my side. A simple spell to check his deviltry was that of force, in which I was at the moment woefully deficient. But I preferred to pit my unaided ingenuity against his Satanic cunning, although it seemed—and here an old simile from the bucolic wisdom of my native East Anglia came to my mind—"like sweetening a load of muck with a pot of marmalade."

But it was futile to indulge in melancholy speculation. Somehow or other the Devil had to be checkmated, and all one's energies must be bent towards a successful move. Great issues were at stake, great, at least, in the eyes of us who were doing odd administrative jobs on the outskirts of the Empire. We had to keep our tails up and see to it that the high standard of administration was consistently maintained, even though the people administered were not quite sure whether they liked the methods or not.

And then came an interlude which swept away all tendency to moroseness and made me chuckle with suppressed laughter. My sole white companion was an

N.C.O. of the traditional stamp—burly, matter of fact, standing no nonsense from a coloured brother, and given to no introspection into native idiosyncrasies. His job was to buy horses for the mounted infantry of the colony, and he looked no farther than the fulfilment of his job. From the grass hut behind me I heard him enrolling horse-boys, and there came to my ears a murmuring :

"Let's see—blue-roan gone in the off fore. Good. What's your blooming name young feller my lad ?"

"*Alla ya ba ka gona*," came the reply.

"Allah be jiggered," burst from the N.C.O. derisively, "your name's Tom. Savvy ? Tom !"

And the newly-christened Tom came from the hut with a sickly grin on his face, fully confirmed of the truth that all white men were mad, and muttering to himself "Tom," as if to assure himself of its fitness as a substitute for his Allah-blessed cognomen.

Braced up by the cheery don't-care-a-damnativeness of the N.C.O., I shook myself free of broodings and forebodings.

I was camped in the neighbourhood of a village of primitive Africans, whose religious and social systems were a product of purely African mentality, and whose views on the sanctity of human life clashed violently with those which it was, incidentally, my duty to inculcate, if not by consent then by legal process and penalty. A murder under particularly revolting circumstances had been perpetrated, and it was my job to investigate it.

To grasp the situation it is necessary to understand the social systems of primitive Africa. In Europe the unit is the individual, in Africa it is the community. What is to the communal weal is the African's ideal of right conduct, morals, and character, and governs the procedure of law and justice. Case law to them is enshrined in some old folk-tale, and judgment is delivered according to "what the crocodile said" in some apt fable bristling with wit and wisdom. Analogies and parables regulate all tribal ethics, while the tribe's emotions are under the control of the medicine men who, like the augurs of Ancient Greece, wink at each other as occasion offers. It is an exceedingly interesting and instructive environment, disappearing rapidly under the European system of substituting a hide-bound bureaucracy—which is all body and no head—for the impalpable autocracy

of tradition. A primitive community where the sole qualification for leadership is ability must inevitably provoke comparison with some of the institutions of an age-long civilization.

It was in a crisis affecting their material well-being that the tribe had turned to the authority rooted in their traditions instead of to the administrative machinery of their European governors. The people existed in their bare hill-side fortresses by breeding ponies. Their barren rocks were uncultivable, and they relied on peripatetic traders, who brought them foodstuffs in exchange for valuable horse-flesh. To keep these traders sweet, as they put it, was their life-blood. So that one day when there was a danger that the traders would cease to visit them the united *sensus communis* of the tribe was invoked to forestall the risk of such a catastrophe. Hence these tears and a supper with the Devil! For the people had pushed the new administration into the background, and had looked for escape from their dilemma to old-established ritual.

It was characteristic of their feeling that they had nothing to be ashamed of that the facts were never for one moment in dispute. Limbi, one of the most turbulent of their youths and of a philandering disposition, had taken it into his head to break away from the paths of tribal rectitude. He had become a source of profound annoyance to the traders by injudicious flirtations with their women-folk, and in other ways had interfered with the strict code of that "agreement in dexterity" which should characterize all actions of barter where suppleness, craft, and expediency rule in preference to force or fraud. Limbi's effrontery had exceeded all bounds. "There was no bally word for it," they told me in the vernacular, and the words invoked a vision of an East End coster whose barrow of fruit had collided with a motor-'bus—so close akin are English and African colloquialisms.

So the tribal elders—five aged purblind wrecks, in whose keeping all the communal traditions were enshrined—were summoned to deal with the case of Limbi. They came in solemn state from their dim retreats hard by the sacred grove, where at seed time and harvest weird festivals took place, and mad jigs were danced with Beelzebub. After long debate and much citation of the

lore of the folk, for and against, it was decreed that Limbi was a public nuisance and must be removed from the community by public action. The long and short of it was that Limbi was led out by all the young men of the town to a flat eminence and was there deliberately and effectively stoned to death.

This was the prelude to my interview with the Devil, for the chief of the elders, who had engineered the murder of Limbi, bore the title of Son of Iblis. Now, Act 26, chapter v, section 131, of our Criminal Code, which dealt with homicide, had been violated. How was it to be upheld? The whole tribe was privy to the murder. Could one indict a whole tribe? On the other hand, the life of the tribe was in jeopardy, and, putting oneself in their place—isolated, uninstructed in the humanities of the alien law to which they were instinctively averse—one could not fail to be in sneaking sympathy with the state-craft which had solved in communal fashion the communal problem.

It was a curious anomaly that the head of the tribe was one of those sacrosanct elders who was deemed to be unapproachable by outsiders. He had a useful go-between, who posed as village head to Government representatives, and conducted general business with strangers. But the latter had no real authority, and my first difficulty was to convince this personage that I would have no dealings with him regarding the matter with which my visit was concerned, but that I must see the fountain head, Ibn Iblis himself. This terrible breach in customary procedure was a great shock to his prejudice for conventionality, and we fenced dexterously over this point with all the stately forms of diplomatic punctilio. However, Anglo-Saxon obstinacy prevailed, and as a compromise the interview was arranged to take place at night, with every precaution that such a lapse of tribal etiquette should not be proclaimed too publicly.

And thus came about what I was pleased to call my supper with the Devil. The interview began with a recapitulation of the facts relating to the murder of Limbi. The Devil agreed that they were fairly stated. This led up to the point where we were at odds—whether the removal or the suppression of a public nuisance should be accomplished through the intervention of a tedious and

dubious process in the white man's courts or by the swift and drastic method of customary law. The old man's attitude surprised me by its absence of apology. It was one of defiance and injured innocence.

"Limbi's death does not lie at our door," he argued. "You are responsible, not we. But for the white man he would never have been killed," he said, with kindling eye and vengeful glances at me.

Asked for an explanation of this novel point of view he explained with some vehemence that in the old days, before white men intermeddled with their communal affairs, Limbi would have been taken to a distant slave market and sold, whereby he would not only have been got rid of, but got rid of at a profit. Now that white man had closed all the slave markets and forbidden trafficking in human flesh, no other course was before them but to kill him. Not only had we caused them to lose his money value, but we were threatening them with punishment for doing that which we compelled them to do.

To him this logic was incontestable. That one of the white men could not see it was an instance of the incomprehensible whims of all white men, the significance of which he was unable to grasp. "They say you are all mad and that Allah has you in his keeping. It would seem that what 'they say' is true," he cried out resentfully. The dogged opposition of this pagan said much for his character, which differed greatly from the cringing subtlety of his Moslem neighbours. His resentment against alien points of view was obvious. The dilemma could only properly be faced in the spirit of equal humanness. Neither Government Standing Orders nor penal codes were made for such a case as this, and the risk of upsetting the complacency of the bureaucratic minds at headquarters had to be run, for no one with the bowels of a *Hukum Wallah*, tied to rule and precedent, could have coped with it successfully. It was a matter for the fraternal, not the judicial side of the administration, for the rôle of counsellor, not of judge. There are occasions in Africa when fear is more important than faith, and discipline and the big stick are the only weapons to use, but this was not one of them. The ritual of the primitive purification of tribal life, which reached far back into the

social systems of all ancient nations, was still active amongst these people, and Limbi, as Pharmachos, represented in his person a pollution that must be expelled. Men who held different views must inevitably be mad, as the old man said.

"You ought to know," I said, "that we punish murder, that in doing as you have done you are liable to a penalty. You know also that the white man is ready at all times to help you and that, had you brought your complaint of Limbi to us, we might have eased you of your public nuisance.

His reply was not so much a dubious assent but rather in the form of a half-whispered question to himself.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "but dost thou look for a fish at the top of a hill?"

Of this conundrum I made the best solution I could, and though my colloquy with the Devil ended in tame sermonizing, for sympathies were strong, I had to convince him that a change of view with regard to the sacrifice of human life was necessary, or there would be war, and not peace, between us. That fortune favoured my cunning use of the long spoon and I was successful in this, was fully proved subsequently, for a more loyal and law-abiding tribe did not exist in the country when the Great War was upon us. However, there was not wanting criticism from my superiors for not presenting them with a victim, until an enlightened Governor stamped it out. In the Devil I had met a foeman worthy of one's steel, and if I have failed to give a clear portrait of him the true summing up of his character by the Native Agent who was with me may do it better. His verdict on the Devil was "small clothes for body, but plenty sense for head." And I leave it at that. The pagan African could not be delineated more succinctly.

A distinguished judge said recently that a better thing than trade followed the flag, namely, the law. The learned judge was wrong. A better thing than the law is to give the correct bias to native authority, which is "understanded of the people." How frequently is a code of law, based on ideas of justice entirely alien to the minds of the commonalty, a cause of stumbling to the administrator of coloured people? For where authority is large, and law is small, do these people dwell together in unity.

Sixpenn'orth

By Alan Kemp

ALL day the sandstorm had continued without pause or pity. The swirling grit penetrated beyond eyes, mouth, nostrils, throat, into the very fibre. When the wind was at its highest, the day was almost blotted out. The man digging fifty yards away from you was scarcely visible. But the semi-darkness meant no relief from the heat. Every stinging particle scorched where it touched like a splash of vitriol. And when the real darkness came with sunset, even then there would be no relief—only cold that bit as cruelly as the midday sun burned, cold that *hurt* and made you groan as you contorted yourself in your hairy blankets. Blankets! To think of them in that inferno of day! But you would be glad enough of them to-night.

In the heart of the furnace, two men dug for treasure.

The one who was tall and broad might once have been a man who could bear himself well. There might have been life in his eyes—blue, northern eyes—and a pleasant play at the corners of his mouth: perhaps not so very long ago. His age? There is no age in the Atacama Desert. One is either alive or dead: a shrunken bag of bones, or just bones without the bag. With the eye of faith, you could see the figure of that man graceful and supple at the wickets, or in an eight on the Cam; and without any faith at all, you could see it slackening to its present air of defeat in places that became progressively queerer and queerer—always places where refreshments were served in abundance: in London, in New York, in San Francisco, in Mexico City, in Guayaquil, in Callao, and now in Antofagasta, or even, at a pinch, in Mejillones. His last visit to Mejillones had been quite recent. He took out his pay—not, of course, in money, but in little tin tokens. They saw to that! No real money at the Oficina, and no real liquid either that money could buy, except the pipe-line water. So one had to go off to Mejillones to get money's worth. Mother Concepcion

supplied it in her popular little corner of hell-on-earth: good, throat-rasping smuggled *aguardiente* which provided the maximum of intoxication in the minimum of space. But there was no sentiment about Mother Concepcion. When you had no more tin tokens, she swept you out into the street with the rest of the rubbish; and if you wanted more tokens for another and equally happy occasion, you had to go back and dig at Calama, sandstorm or no sandstorm.

The other treasure-seeker would never have cut a figure at the wickets, or on the Cam, or anywhere else. That he had not been born a reptile was one of Nature's mistakes—or jokes. Those eyes differed from the eyes of a reptile only in that they looked disconcertingly in two directions at once. The blood in his veins would have puzzled any self-respecting serpent: indeed, it was such an ingenious chemical compound that it could hardly be called blood at all. To name it *mestizo*, or half-breed, was fanciful, for it was no mere blend of brown and white, but of several different kinds of brown, and at least half a dozen different kinds of white. That celebrated wag, the late Sam Hullins of Nebraska, at the stage of his potations when his natural geniality still prevailed over more violent emotions, used to call the little *mestizo* "Heinz—57 Varieties"; and as Heinz he became known throughout the camp. It annoyed him very acutely, though an instinct of self-preservation led him to conceal his annoyance from a man of Sam Hullins's weight and habits. But there was no doubt about his resentment: and when Hullins was found dead, men freely suggested, glancing sideways at Heinz, that delirium tremens might not have been the sole cause of his decease. Uncharitable suggestions are not uncommon at Calama. They did not incommode Heinz. They even appeared to give him pleasure, if one might judge by his acrobatic efforts at puffing out a pigeon-chest.

The two men worked close together, scratching at the ground with pick and spade. It was no fit day for the gangs to be working, but the trucks stood ready and were in a hurry to be gone for an urgent shipment, and the usual routine had to be maintained. The toilers merely had to scratch the arid surface of the ground to find, in

inexhaustible stores, the treasure they sought. They found it in round lumps, like overgrown gravel or undergrown potatoes, and as they dug it up they laid it out in rows and beds, also like potatoes, for others to come and collect and, with it, greatly enrich the world. Around them lay the Paciencia Plain. If the sand had not obscured their view, they could have gazed in every direction, to the limit of their vision, on the same colourless waste, broken insignificantly here and there by the dry bed of a *salina*, and bounded to the east by the wall of the Andes, which stood out gaunt and sinister against the intolerable sky. Nowhere any green thing; nowhere any living creature save men and their skinny beasts of burden, and the scorpions under the rocks; and nowhere, nowhere conceivably, any water or sign or promise of moisture, save the sluggish trickle of a salt spring.

The *mestizo* paused in his labours. They were faint-hearted labours, but the sweat drenched him from head to foot. He was disposed to be affable. Something had suddenly amused him.

"That was very humorous last night!" he said. "About the superintendent's mule. His best mule. You doubtless heard about the superintendent's mule—the thrice-accursed and doubly-misbegotten superintendent—you heard about his mule?"

The Englishman bent over his potatoes, unheeding.

"They have been feeding the mules on nothing but dry grain," the other continued with relish. "You know how these animals long for green things—it is amusing to see how they will fight and bite and maul each other for a handful of withered vetches. This vile offspring of darkness, this superintendent, he painted the fence round his corral. He painted it such a beautiful bright green! And his best mule was in great desires for bright green things! You observe, señor, my parable? The wood of the fence was all chewed with teeth, and the mule died in great agonies. So may it be with all the mules, and all the family, of this indirect and dishonourable progeny of Satan."

The Englishman went on stolidly with his task, never raising his eyes, and turning up great quantities of potatoes. The *mestizo's* look lost its friendliness.

"*Amigo*," he said softly, "I gave myself the pleasure of addressing you. It may be I was not fortunate enough to command your attention?"

"I heard your damned cackle," growled the other.

The *mestizo's* glance grew venomous. "It is unfortunate," he murmured, to nobody. "One constantly makes the mistake of expecting the manners of a *caballero* from an Englishman."

His companion's glance was as rapid as it was contemptuous, but it made the sallow-brown man feel momentarily uncomfortable. For some time he watched the Englishman dig unremittingly. Then, with polite distress in his voice, he said:

"Shall we not rest ourselves? Must we sweat like pack-horses, especially when nobody, in this amusing cloud of dirtiness, can see whether we work or rest?"

There was no answer but the tapping of the spade.

"I greatly desire, señor, to rest myself. I trust you will join me in that occupation. It would be unfriendly not to do so—need I vulgarly say why? Because if the gutter-born superintendent were to visit us, he would say, being a man of lewd mind, that the English Marmaduco is an industrious servant of the Company, whereas Miguel, his comrade, is a mere sloth, a person of no merit. And that would be very unfortunate for everybody."

The vernacular expression which came from the Englishman was flung out with the violence of a man whose nerves can stand no more. It is an expression which bids the other person go elsewhere with impracticable speed. It struck the brown man like a blow. His hand went swiftly to his belt. But the movement was expected, for the Englishman's spade was half-raised from the ground with a gesture which could not be mistaken. For a moment or two the men stood watching each other with murder in their eyes. Then the hand came slowly away from the belt, and the *mestizo* sighed and resumed his affable smile.

"*Amigo*," he said softly. "have you ever been in Iquique? It is a fine, handsome city. It was my home—ah, yes, some little time ago. I was very fond of my home."

Home! Hampshire . . . green lawns, green woods . . .

young men and women in cool, white things . . . tall, gleaming jugs full of iced, acid drinks . . . one of those white-frocked girls dabbling her hands in a brook. . . . Again the spade rose swiftly and threateningly in obedience to a savage impulse; but, as savagely, was controlled and directed anew to the earth.

The voice continued: "In Iquique there was a man who told me, in a public place and with great loudness of voice, to go where you, *amigo*, doubtless in a moment of forgetfulness, have told me to go. It was foolish of him, because he went there before I did. He went there at once. So Iquique ceased to be my home, and I came here, to enjoy the country air."

The Englishman grunted scornfully.

"No," reflected the voice, "I forgive much, but bad manners I cannot forgive. There was also the so amusing Señor Hullins. He was not courteous to me. That was foolish of him. One night he had broken all the camp rules, as was his custom, and had possessed himself of a great quantity of methylated spirits. Unfortunate *pobrida*, he was not fully conscious of all that was happening—and so the White Rider appeared to him and carried him away and he was never seen again."

The digger looked up for a moment. "You bloody-minded little weasel!" he said.

The brown man positively chuckled. "More and more unfortunate!" he said. "And so unjust! It was no human doing—anyone in camp will tell you that it was beyond doubt the White Rider. But then, perhaps, being no better—forgive me—than a heretic, you do not believe in the White Rider. It may happen that you will be convinced, señor. Ah! the White Rider—all who know the desert know *him!* Up and down the plains he goes, and suddenly he appears to a man, and that man trembles and wonders—and then, pfoof! he is gone, and his name is struck off the pay-sheet at the Oficina, and they engage another hand to enjoy the country air. He is never satisfied—up and down he goes always! Who will be the next? Perhaps the mud-spawned Excellenz Superintendent, perhaps I, perhaps even you, *amigo*—who knows?" He chuckled again. "But it is evident I weary you. And indeed I weary myself. I will now repose.

and I regret that you will not grant my so reasonable request to do the same, but will go on for ever tapping with that clumsy spade."

He hunched himself up in the meagre shade of a boulder and closed his eyes. The other never paused in his work.

Out of a pocket in the whirling sand a loose, gaunt figure vaguely took shape, and a man approached noiselessly. He paused as he saw the huddled figure by the boulder, and a slow, cruel smile twisted his lips. His voice drawled out, not in Spanish, but in the accents of his native Texas:

"Fine! That sure is the God-honest way to c'llect divvies for the shareholders!"

The *mestizo* opened his eyes and scrambled to his feet in a quaking panic.

"I was fatigued——" he began to stammer.

"Surely you was f'tigued. And surely you've never bin nothun *but* f'tigued. You was born that f'tigued, you couldn't holler fer y' mammy, and you'll die more durned f'tigued than a lump o' lard in Hell. Whar's yer take?"

The cowering *mestizo* made a feeble gesture towards his pile, shallow and irregular, of little potatoes.

The superintendent's grin became positively jovial. "Well, now, say," he exclaimed, "watcher know 'bout that! When d'yer get that—in four hours or four minnuts?"

"The sand——!"

"Sand, hell!" He turned to the Englishman and pointed to his massive pile. "Now look at Marmadook! That's what I call a he-man! There's a shift's work with hair on its chest! That's——"

The Englishman straightened himself up for a moment and said in a voice not of Atacama, but of Hampshire:

"If you have no complaint to make, perhaps you'll kindly confine yourself to *him*."

"You're dead right, brother," sneered the superintendent. "I just got one lill song to spiel *him*—fired, get me?"

The brown man fell limp and clutched the superintendent's knees. "Excellent, merciful," he wailed, "I am destitute, I am undone, I implore, I beseech——"

The superintendent's jovial grin changed to an ugly look.

"You're too near me boot like so," he said savagely. "Fired, by Heck! Now—beat it!" He spat contemptuously and strode off.

The sallow-brown man rose slowly. Though his eyes were looking east and west at once, there seemed to be a focal point, a point which burned, somewhere in the Englishman's face.

"It is *most* unfortunate," he said very softly, and shambled away to his hut of mud and grass.

* * * * * *

In a country with a newspaper press and all the refinements of civilization the Englishman's disappearance would have been called "mysterious," in headlines. But as there are no refinements of civilization, and no headlines at Calama, he just disappeared, and the circumstance was scarcely noticed. Perhaps somewhere under a boulder? But Atacama is wide and uncharted. His only epitaph is that at nightfall he was, and at daybreak he was not. Nothing else except, perhaps, a vague memory and a lively fear. Huddling near the fire a coffee-coloured man would say to awed and eager listeners: "Assuredly the White Rider has been busy among us. There was Hullins, there was the gallant Encarnacion, there was fat little Jose, there was the great, silent Englishman, him they called Marmaduco—they say he was a grandee in England, the son of a noble. What, did you not know? It is beyond doubt that the White Rider had him. Miguel, that was called Heinz grossly, in the manner of the *gringos*, he who left us suddenly, he told me on the faith of a Catholic *caballero!* I tell you, *hombres*, the White Rider will suddenly appear from nowhere, and he will——"

And the voice would drone on, sinking to a mysterious whisper, as the listeners drank deeper and deeper of the delicious passion of fear.

When the name of this one searcher for treasure was erased from the paysheet at the Oficina, there were several hundred applicants, of twenty different nationalities, from whom the superintendent could choose a

successor. And the supply of treasure was never interrupted for a moment. It was scratched for and dug up and laid out and shovelled into iron trucks which seared any careless hand that touched them, and it went down to the sea in ships, and spread all over the world, and an unending succession of men in quest of it toiled and sweated and shivered and fought and sinned and suffered and died for its great value, which value was a handful of tin tokens.

* * * * * *

In an ironmonger's shop a man's voice was raised in angry expostulation.

"What's that?" he cried. "Sixpence?"

"That's the price," said the shopman.

"It was fivepence last week!"

"It's gone up," said the shopman curtly.

"It's scandalous!" cried the customer. "Nothing but rank, rotten profiteering! I don't know what the world's coming to when you've got to pay sixpence a pound for borax!"

Summer Air

By Kenneth Ashley

THE wind blows through the borough town,
The wind blows down the lane,
And soft and plaintive as it goes
It sings a low refrain:
O, lads who loved grow old and die,
But love shall yet remain.

O, many a man has reared a house
That since has sunk for shame;
And many a man gone proudly once
Who now is lost to fame—
But I mind many a lad and lass
Who only garnered blame.

Two shamefast lovers years ago
Had scarce a word to say:
The love they whispered in this lane
Shall whisper here for aye—
And O! What empty words of kings
Since then I've blown away!

Memory

By Leslie Pocock

SILENT he walked with youth, with age he speaks,
Always of little things the years forget.
(Triumph and bitterness, shame and the peaks
Of pride, the deeps of hatred and the fret
Of pain, dull failure and the lofty flame
Of virtue, pallid sin and haggard hell,
Breathless heavens and leaping joys, the name
Of one who greatly loved or greatly fell—
These are the company of daily thought,
Laurels and thorns in constant wear, and all
First bought with tears, or, after, paid with tears.)
Swift present thought's slow sire will tell of nought
But gentle instances, the rise and fall
Of unimportant hopes and little fears.

Greek Folk Poems

By Mrs. Mark Kerr

We are accustomed to think of the "glory that was Greece" as entirely of the past, and perhaps there is a shade of injustice in our attitude to the Greece of a later date. The literature of ancient Greece shines with a splendour which dims all lesser lights, but there is a considerable body of modern Greek folk poetry which, sprung spontaneously from the heart of the people, has a modest beauty and a charm of its own; it has, however, remained unknown to all but a very few, who care for modern Greece.

It must be remembered that from the fall of Constantinople in 1453 till the establishment of Greek independence in 1824, Greece had no existence as a nation. During all those years nothing was printed in Greek; the very language would have become extinct had it not been for the schools kept up by the orthodox Church, where the children were taught in Greek. Hellenic nationality was kept alive only in the heart of the mountains by the klephts, or brigands, who never submitted to Turkish rule. For four hundred years the tiny flame was blown hither and thither by the wings of adversity, but was never put out, and during all those years the spirit of the race found utterance only in the songs of the people—songs of battle sung around the camp fires in the mountains, and laments for fallen heroes; love songs sung by lonely shepherds on the hills or by sailors toiling at the oar; songs of parting sung when the young men left their homes to seek a living in far-off lands; cradle songs, marriage songs, and songs of death, sung by mourners at the burial of their loved ones.

The songs which had the greatest influence on the national fortunes were the songs of the klephts, which tell of brave fights against overwhelming odds, of the slaying of Turkish oppressors, of the death of valiant chieftains. The names of the greatest klephts were household words wherever Greek was spoken. The klephts were brigands after the fashion of Robin Hood, but were invested with an even greater glamour owing to their life among the highest and most inaccessible mountains, and owing to the tragic

fate which was bound sooner or later to befall each one. Like Robin Hood, they had a code of rough chivalry; they respected the women who fell into their hands, they did not plunder Christians, they bore torture valiantly, and faced death with a smile. It was they who finally gained for Greece her independence after repeated attempts, in which their foreign allies almost invariably failed them and left them to their fate, until at last they stirred the conscience of Europe to help them, and won their way to freedom.

The deeds of the klephts were sung, like the tales of the Trojan war, by wandering minstrels, many of them blind, who roamed the country singing at the village fairs, and who never lacked an audience; legends grew and flew from mouth to mouth; the same songs are found in different parts of the country, with local variants. But the songs of the klephts, in the fragmentary and confused state in which they have come down to us, make less appeal than the little songs of everyday life, which have an enduring human interest; they are a natural expression of the feelings of the people. Some were composed in moments of intense emotion by individuals, and have passed into the common stock; some are half remembered ancient things which have grown by accretion; all are anonymous.

They were first collected and translated into French by Fauriel, who published in 1825 his *Chants de la Grèce Moderne*; these two volumes, a labour of love for Greece, have remained the classical work on the subject. Other gleaners came later into the field; Greek folk songs have been translated into German by Bernhard Schmidt, into English by Abbott, by Lucy Garnett, and by Sir Rennell Rodd, in his *Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*. The most complete collection is that by Politis, published in Athens in 1914.

Most of the poems date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but many of them embody lines which are much older and which have been handed down through many generations. Like the Homeric poems, they represent the gradual growth of many years, and the inspiration of many unknown poets.

The metre is iambic, each line contains fifteen syllables, and nearly all are unrhymed. In translating the

poems I have, however, occasionally experimented in rhyme.

One of the most interesting features in Greek folk poetry is the survival of the ancient myths. In classic times every grove and stream had its tutelary deity, and these reappear in the modern folk songs, as instanced in the following curious little poem:

A fair young girl was singing down by the bridge of Ire,
And from the sweetness of her song, the sadness of her singing,
The bridge's stones all cracked in two, the river ceased its flowing,
And the Genius of the stream came forth to listen to the music:
"Oh, Maiden, cease thy sad complaint, and sing a song that's merry
That the river may flow on again, the bridge's stones be mended.
And the Genius of the stream return to his home below the water."
"How can I cease my sad complaint and sing a song that's merry?
For I have sorrow in my heart and 'tis a dirge I'm singing.
Mother and father have I lost, and nine strong soldier brothers.
My love alone remained to me, and he lay sick with fever.
Sick unto death he lay, and cried for what the whole world held not;
Hare's cheese he begged of me to get, a wild goat's milk he craved for.
But while I climbed the mountain sides, and searched the lonely valleys,
Seeking a mountain goat to milk, hare's curds that I might press them,
My lover broke his plighted troth, and left me sad and lonely;
He took the black earth for his bride, the grave for his wife's mother."*

One of the most curious instances of the survival and evolution of an ancient myth is that of Charon, the ferryman of Hades. In modern Greece he has become the grim figure of Charos, who is death himself; he takes many forms; sometimes he is the wrestler, vanquishing even the strongest shepherd on the mountain; sometimes he is the grim host of the underworld; sometimes he is the horseman, bearing away both old and young, as in the following poem, which is one of the most beautiful in all folk poetry:

Oh, why so black, ye mountains,
Ye forests, why complain?
Is it the wind that's beating you?
Is it the autumn rain?
Ah no! 'Tis Charos passing by
With the dead men in his train.

Behind him limp the old men,
In front he drives the young,
The little children ruthlessly
To his saddle bow are slung.
He does not heed the souls who pray
For rest the fields among.

* In Greece, a hare's milk is supposed to be a charm for disease, as well as the symbol of something impossible to find.

"O Charos, pass through the village
And halt by the fountain cool,
That the old may drink, the young men
May sport beside the pool.
And the tender little children
The meadow flowers may pull."

"I will not halt by the fountain
That waters the fruitful plain;
The mothers who come with pitchers
Their children would regain;
The husbands and wives who met there
Would never part again."

In spite of centuries of Christianity, the attitude of the Greek peasant towards death has remained that of his forefathers; death is the end of all things, or, at best, the beginning of a sunless life of shadows. One is reminded of the saying of Achilles in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*:

Speak not comfortably to me of Death, O Great Odysseus. Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed.

Here is another poem, addressed to a departing spirit:

In that dim country where thou go'st, in that far distant land—
If thou see'st youths and maidens fair, so greet them where they stand.
The little children comfort thou, and take them by the hand.

Say naught to wake their memory, long bound in fitful sleep,
Else would the maidens shed vain tears, the young men sigh so deep,
The little children call to mind their mother's arms, and weep.

Speak not of sunshine and of flowers, of green fields where we go;
Tell them at Easter that it rains, at Christmas falls the snow;
And that on great St. Thomas' Day the rivers overflow.

So shall they not remember now, amidst the shadows grey,
How hand in hand they used to go, on every holiday.
The children and their mothers dear, the lads and lassies gay.

Another grim little poem on death is the following:

"O golden grave, O silver grave, O grave of fair white marble,
Thou that devourest all the youths, and all the slender maidens,
Only this youth, this one alone, do not devour, I pray thee!"

Then spake the grave these bitter words, then did the grave make answer:
"O, am I then his mother fond, am I perhaps his sister?
Or did he take me for his love, that I should not devour him?"

Many of the songs are "myrologia" or dirges, improvised by mourners over the body of a dead husband, parent, or child. This custom also dates from Homeric times; we all remember the laments over the body of Hector. Some of the myrologia are of extraordinary beauty and power, but it is naturally difficult to collect any examples of them, as they are the inspiration of the moment of grief, and have never been written down.

Here is one which was sung at the death of a young man:

How shall we praise this noble youth whom to the grave we bear?
Tall was he as a cypress-tree and as an angel fair;
The merry May lit up his brow, his heart was full of Spring,
And in his eyes there shone the stars of morn and evening.

His speech was like a violin, his soul a torch's flame,
And o'er the sea a goodly ship, with spreading sails he came.
Now broken lies the violin, quenched is the torch's light,
The ship, the goodly ship, is sunk beneath the waves of Night.

There are not only songs of death in Greek folk poetry, there are also songs of birth, cradle songs, of which the following two may serve as specimens:

O Sleep, lead thou this child of mine into thy garden closes,
And fill her lap with buds and flowers, with apples and with roses;
Sweet apples to her father give, to her mother roses red,
To her patron Saint the roses white that dewy petals shed.

The lambs they feed in pastures green, sweet sleep all children blesses,
But this my child, is pasturéd with love and with caresses.
O sleep be in thine eyes, my child, and health upon thy brow,
But may thy father wakeful be, to get thy dowry now.

O sleep, for on thy wedding day and in thy bridal chamber
Red flowers and white shall wreathe thee round, and through thy window clamber.
The fair white snow shall flour become, the mountains flocks shall be,
And for the palikars to drink, sweet wine shall fill the sea.

In the next poem there is an echo of the splendour of Byzantium, which is always in the background of a Greek peasant's consciousness.

Oh, sleep, my dawn! oh, sleep, my moon! oh, sleep, my morning star!
Oh, sleep in peace till noon shall bring thy lover from afar!
Oh, sleep, for in the city great I've ordered jewels fair;
Venice shall send thee linen fine and diamonds for thy hair.
Forty Constantinople maids are broidering for thy bed
A coverlet both rich and fine against the day thou'rt wed:
A royal eagle in the midst, the border peacocks gay—

The king's son and the emperor's have none so fair to-day.
Oh, sleep, for thee are coming soon shoes that are fine and neat;
Red shall they be, and sewn with pearls to fit thy tiny feet.
Oh, sleep, child, in thy cradle small, and sweet thy dreams shall be!
The Lady Mary, Virgin pure, shall bear thee company.

Death, birth, and love—these are the three strings which vibrate in all folk poetry—but love to the Greek peasant is no light-hearted god of kisses and laughter; as in the days of Sappho, Love is "bitter-sweet"; he is a ruthless god whose decrees are as inexorable as those of Death; the tortures of jealousy, the pain of unrequited love, the agony of parting—these are his gifts to men. The mingled hatred and tenderness of passion spurned have, I think, seldom been expressed with such truth and poignancy as in the following poem, which Fauriel compares with the second idyll of Theocritus:

All eyes are gazing at the sun, now going down in splendour.
The maid, with weary eyes and heart far out to sea is gazing;
She sees great sailing ships come in, and barks that hasten homeward.
"Mother, I see four sailing ships; five smaller boats are with them!
Go, Mother, go, and ask them all for tidings of my lover:
At what rich table eats he bread, while mine is bare and lonely?
What maiden's hands are serving him, while mine do naught but tremble?
What eyes are gazing into his, while mine are dull with weeping?
Fain would I curse his faithless heart, and yet would fain forgive him.
From loftiest heights to lowest depths may he be hurled resisting;
Like glass may he all shattered lie, like wax his bones be melted;
Then may I, passing, raise him up and heal his broken body!"

The following poem has been found in several parts of Greece:

Now 'tis the lovely month of May, now 'tis the leafy summer,
Now do the trees put forth their shoots, the buds break into blossom,
And now the stranger guest begins to long for his own country.
By night he saddles his noble steed, and secretly he shoes him
With golden nails that shine like stars, and shoes of beaten silver,
And a bridle fair all sewn with pearls he gently puts upon him.
Close by his side there stands the maid, the maid who loves him dearly;
She holds a torch to give him light, and fills with wine his goblet,
And every time she fills the cup she weeps and thus entreats him:
"O take me, take me, Master mine, and keep me ever near thee!
I'll strew thy couch that thou mayst sleep; I'll cook the food thou eatest;
I'll be the earth whereon thou tread'st, the bridge whereby thou passest;
I'll be the burnished silver cup from which the wine thou drinkest,
That thou mayst drink the blood-red wine, and see me shining through it."

"There where I go, O lovely maid, in truth thou canst not follow!
For there are wolves upon the hills and robbers in the mountains;
They'd seize thee from me, Sweetheart mine, and cast me into bondage."

"Then I'll cast off my maiden's garb, and like a boy I'll dress me,
That where thou goest I may go, and run beside thy stirrup;
But take me, take me, Master mine, and do not bid me leave thee!"

There is unconscious humour in the cheerful close to the following poem, which contains an excellent moral for the disconsolate lover:

O ye who hear my laughter loud, and say I feel no sorrow,
Within my heart 'tis gnawing deep, and on my lips 'tis burning.
To whom shall I now tell my grief? Alas, there's none can bear it—
For should I tell you, mountains high, your crags would split asunder,
And should I tell you, branches green, in May ye would not blossom,
And should I tell you, cooling streams, ye would run dry for sorrow.
I cannot tell you, Mother mine, long since the grave has claimed thee,
And far from home, my kindred all in foreign lands are scattered.
O, life hangs heavy on my hands, I cannot bear the burden,
I will go up into the snows, and on the mountains perish . . . .
Yet, spite of all life's griefs and pains, there's joy in every breath;
Sweet, sweet, is life, and crazed is he who seekest help in death.

One of the most widely known poems is the little song which follows, and which is sung in many of the islands of Greece:

When we two kissed, O Maiden,
'Twas night, with none to see;
The night and the dawn saw only
The stars and the moon and we,
But the morning star descending
Has told it to the sea.

The sea with her hundred voices
Whispered it to the oar;
The oar-blade told the mariner,
And when he came to shore
He sang the secret openly
At his beloved's door.

Perhaps the most typical products of Greek folk poetry are the rhymed couplets, or *disticha*, which, for intensity of feeling and terseness of expression, seem to me to deserve a high place in literature. Here are some of them:

I deemed I had forgotten thee, but now we meet again,
I feel the old grief in my heart, the madness in my brain.

Did'st thou not tell me once, love, if thou saw'st me not, thou'st die?
Thou dost not even greet me now, when I am passing by.

There is no pain can sear and burn, there is no pain can kill
Like hopeless love, that knows no cure till the throbbing heart be still.

New paths are seldom trodden, but old ones thronged remain;
Old love its path has graven, within my heart and brain.

My eyes once said unto my heart: "Why wilt thou not be gay?
Are ye so blind ye cannot see your love is far away?"

I want, I hesitate, I doubt, I long, but do not dare,
I fear, take courage, hope again, and in the end, despair.

I would that these two hands of mine were each a golden key,
That I might ope thy sullen heart, which now is closed to me.

How should thy mother want a lamp, though darkness cometh soon,
The while she hath within her house the radiant harvest moon?

The sun came down from Heaven to grace thy wondrous birth,
Gave thee resplendent beauty, then rose again from earth.

I would thou wert the lemon tree, and I the mountain snow,
That I might melt, and round thy roots my cooling streams should flow.

And this one, which might stand as the epitome of all love-poetry:

These songs are but the idle words unhappy lovers sing,
Hoping thereby to still their pain, and ease their suffering.

The last poem that I shall quote is the oldest that has been preserved to us: it is found, with a great number of variations, in all parts of Greece, and must have been composed very soon after the great catastrophe of 1453, which shook the whole Christian world:

All earth, all heaven ring out with bells, till God himself is ringing:
Ringing is our great mother-Church, the mighty Saint Sophia;
Four hundred wooden gongs she has, her bells are two and sixty,
And every bell has its own priest, and every priest his deacon.
The Patriarch chants on the right, the King upon the left hand,
And with the mighty psalmody the columns are vibrating.
The Mass begun, the hymn intoned, the Lord of Heaven cometh . . .
A snow white dove appears above, from highest Heaven descending:
"O cease, O cease your sacred chants, and lift not up the chalice!
O priests, take off your splendid robes, put out the lighted candles!
It is God's holy will to-day the Turks shall take the city.
But send word to the Frankish lands to send three sailing vessels,
The one shall take the Blessed Cross, the second the holy gospels,
The last, the best of all the three, shall take our Holy Altar
And bear it to a Western land, that the dogs may not profane it.
Our lady wept in highest heaven, tears fell from each holy image.
"Have comfort, Lady Virgin sweet: weep not, ye holy Icons!
When years, when centuries have passed, we shall win back the city!"

With this prophecy, which is known wherever Greek is spoken, and which may some day find fulfilment, though it seems very far from it to-day, I leave the subject of Greek folk poetry, which is a rich storehouse for the treasure seeker.

The Little Crinoline Lady

By J. E. Gubbin

It was very cold in the large, draughty hall, and the Little Crinoline Lady who shielded the telephone with her voluminous black silk skirts shivered slightly, and tried to draw closer around her the thin blue shawl that hung about her bare shoulders. One delicate, china-white hand held a red rose, the other rested lightly on her breast, holding her blue wrap together with tiny, pink-tipped fingers. Fragile and sweet and forlorn she looked against the dull, dark oak of the panelling, her little fair head poised with infinite grace on her white shoulders, the hair piled up and two little ringlets falling on either side of her cheeks, which were just faintly pink, like a wild rose. Her blue eyes stared into the gloom unblinkingly, fixed, wistful, and rather sad.

Somewhere a clock struck midnight, and the Little Crinoline Lady sighed—such a tiny, heart-breaking sigh that came right from the depth of her little china self, seeming to move the stiff silk of her frock so that it rustled faintly as if a breeze had stirred it, and for a second even the red rose trembled. Any moment now there would come the rattle of a key in the lock, and then the great front door would open to admit the cold night air, and the Son of the House. He might come steadily in and hang his hat and coat on the peg and pass her unconcernedly on the way to the stairs; or he might hesitate, and stagger slightly, have trouble in finding a peg, and move uncertainly up to his room; he might even, as he had done one never-to-be-forgotten night, touch her as he passed, speaking some word of light endearment as if she had been the living girl she so longed to be.

She waited, quietly staring before her into the surrounding dimness, only faintly lit by the screened lamp that burned all night long in the hall. The old grandfather clock ticked solemnly on, the squat figure of an ugly idol

grinned at her from the gloom, weird shapes and shadows loomed mysteriously around. And the Little Crinoline Lady waited, patiently, for the coming of the man she loved.

At last, a sound at the door, a key in the lock, then the door swung open and the Son of the House entered, closing it quietly behind him. The Little Lady's heart began to beat as if it would choke her, and the hand holding the rose trembled so that she felt he must see it moving. With aching eyes she watched him hang up his hat and coat. To-night he was fairly sober; her fingers gripped her shawl tightly, gripped so that the china tips pierced the thin material. It was only when he was really drunk that he took any notice of her, that once when he had spoken. . . . And ever since she had longed, watching, for it to happen again. Small consolation that he should only see her at such times, but better, infinitely better, than nothing.

He was moving softly towards the stairs, and she had a glimpse of his handsome face as he passed under the lamp. Would he turn and look at her, throw her a word as one throws a bone to a dog? Would he? She held her breath, her china-blue eyes fixed unblinkingly on him, her heart throbbing under the blue shawl, the red rose trembling in her hand. If she could only throw him that rose, just to show him that she loved him even though she was only a china doll! If she could only make him understand, *see* her, feel the heart that beat for him, touch the tiny cold hand that longed to lie in his! Even a smile from him. . . . But then, how was he to know that she saw, felt, loved as real women do, that there dwelt within her little china body a heart that beat only at the sound of his coming. When he passed in the morning, and again at night, when sometimes he would lift her—not ungently—from the telephone and she would hear, so close his beloved voice—when every touch and look from him meant for her an instant in Paradise, how could he know the thrill that passed through her fragile little body. Perhaps, if he did know . . .

He had reached the foot of the stairs, and there he paused. Her heart stopped beating, suddenly, so that

she felt smothered. What was he going to do? Rigidly straight, white and delicately beautiful, she stood out against the sombre panelling.

And then he turned. He looked right into her china-blue eyes, and he smiled.

"What a pity you aren't alive, Little Lady," he said softly. "You're rather—pretty, y'know. I might almost have fallen in love with you."

He laughed a little unsteadily, clutched at the banisters, and pulled himself up the stairs, his footsteps slowly getting fainter and fainter till they faded away altogether.

But in the hall the Little Crinoline Lady stood poised above the telephone, her face white, one hand seeming to clutch at her heart. Her lips, in the faint light, were slightly parted, her eyes almost piercingly blue. One moment she stood there, radiant, ethereal, pulsing, and the next . . . A dull thud on the thick carpet, scarcely heard, and the Little Crinoline Lady lay quietly amidst the wreckage, her dress crumpled about the telephone wires, the shawl holding together a few pieces of broken china. Still on the white china face that remained intact was a look of happiness extraordinarily human, and in the wide-open blue eyes there seemed yet to hover the echo of the words, spoken lightly, which had found their mark in her fragile little heart.

The Pursuit of Health

By R. H. A. Plimmer, D.Sc. (Lond.)

(Professor of Chemistry in the University of London at St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School)

and Violet G. Plimmer

(Approved by the New Health Society)

NEVER has the cult of the body received more attention than at the present day. A glance through the advertisements of newspapers and periodicals shows in how many and various ways there is a general striving after health and personal beauty. These advertisements are, indeed, mirrors of the times and reflect what the public wants. Daily we are introduced to new devices for the making of the ideal home. Improved methods of building construction, of warming, lighting, furnishing, of sanitation and disinfection, are brought to our notice; our homes are gradually becoming re-formed and tend to become more and more flawlessly hygienic. Foods, pure, wholesome, refined, nourishing, strength-giving, appetizing, ready-cooked, labour-saving, prepared with the utmost cleanliness from the best materials in hygienic factories, are temptingly described. The labour, saved in our homes, we are invited to expend at dancing clubs, on athletic games, winter sports, and on courses of physical exercises for the reduction of our superfluous fat.

But there is a pathetic side to these advertisements. Our hygienic homes, our tempting food, our outdoor games and physical "jerks," our cosmetics and aids to the toilet have obviously failed to produce that health and beauty which were expected of them. For, let us consider some advertisements which appeared in a popular newspaper one day this month (January, 1926). A full-page advertisement offers cider as a remedy for gout and rheumatism. Turning overleaf, we see the name of an eye ointment which will relieve all eye troubles; a hair dye to make us look years younger; a soap to

beautify the complexion; best prices are offered for old artificial teeth. On later pages we notice several varieties of liver salts, which correct life's little ills by maintaining inner cleanliness; a nerve tonic will make new men of us; kidney pills will relieve backache by removing impurities from the blood; throat pastilles, antiseptic lotions, a quinine substitute will soothe sore throats and prevent or relieve nasal catarrh; tooth pastes will safeguard us from pyorrhea, which, according to the advertisement, claims four-fifths of the population as its victims; medicated wines will restore and strengthen us, and so on. One whole page is devoted to advertisements of articles to promote beauty or hide blemishes.

We cannot believe that a crop of similar costly advertisements would appear daily unless the advertisers reaped a rich harvest of replies from suffering humanity. It is evident that the majority of people are dissatisfied with their health and personal appearance, and are searching for a remedy. Judging from the trend of the advertisements, the predominant troubles may be assumed to be rheumatism, constipation, indigestion, headache, neuritis, kidney weakness, decayed teeth, infected gums, poor complexions, and premature ageing, as shown by wrinkles, sagging muscles, grey hair and early baldness. It is well known that fortunes have been made by manufacturers of pills and patent medicines. Statistics show the enormous amount of working hours lost and money spent on insured persons as the result of ill-health.

How is it that the resources of civilization have served us so badly that, if we want to find races who are really healthy, well-developed physically, and long-lived, we must look in out-of-the-way corners of the world, remote from civilizing influences? Rheumatism, tuberculosis, appendicitis, cancer, diabetes, kidney diseases are the great scourges of civilized people. Medical men in India have described certain hill-tribes, who, living a hard life, exposed to a rigorous climate, housed in dark, unventilated, undrained hovels, are yet free from all the diseases just enumerated. Of fine physique, with perfect teeth and great powers of endurance, how favourably they compare with our hygienically reared offspring, who in early youth already

have rotten teeth and diseased appendices. We age rapidly and have such a heavy mortality from cancer and other dread diseases; few of us retain our mental and physical well-being after middle life and achieve a non-pathological old age.

What is the weak spot in our armour of defence against disease? We are protected by greatly improved hygienic conditions in the home and the factory. We are protected by the recently acquired and ever extending knowledge of bacteriology, which has given many new methods for the treatment and prevention of infectious diseases, yet we are still vulnerable.

To find a weak spot let us compare the habits of our life with those of some Indian hill tribes who are almost ideally healthy. Principles of hygiene are unknown to them, and their homes are insanitary. The winters are very severe. The natives often work up to their waists in ice-cold water, but they do not suffer from rheumatism. The climate and the mountainous country are unfavourable to agriculture and a hindrance to transport. The food supply is, therefore, meagre and produced locally. In the State of Hunza it is limited to grains, such as wheat, barley, and maize. There is a certain amount of goats' milk and butter, but flesh is only eaten on feast days. Vegetables are grown, and plentiful crops of mulberries and apricots are sun-dried for winter use. Dr. Robert McCarrison, I.M.S., spent years amongst these people, and the services which he had to render them were confined chiefly to the treatment of accidental lesions and the removal of senile cataract. Appendicitis was unknown, and there is no record of rheumatism, cancer, or diabetes. Dr. McCarrison concluded that "the enforced restriction to the unsophisticated foodstuffs of Nature is compatible with long life, continued vigour, and perfect physique."

It may be, and has often been argued, that the rude health and long life of primitive peoples is due to the even tenor of their lives, to the absence of emotions, mental anxiety, and strain to which more highly-evolved and civilized people are subjected. This psychological explanation can be eliminated from consideration because healthy races of natives have been observed

to deteriorate and suffer from all the diseases of civilization after they have adopted our diet of over-milled cereals, sugar, and preserved foodstuffs. Further, we have contrary evidence from an involuntary feeding experiment carried out upon a whole European nation at a time of peculiar mental stress and anxiety. We refer to the well-known experiences of the people of Denmark during the war, when they were suffering from the effects of our blockade, and were strictly rationed. The potatoes and grain normally used for feeding animals were used for human food, and the stock of cattle and pigs greatly reduced. Meat food was practically unobtainable. The beer output was reduced by one-half, and the distillation of brandy prohibited, in order that the people might have enough cereals and potatoes. The bread was made of whole rye, and also contained wheat bran and 24 per cent. of barley meal. All grain "offals," that is, the bran, germ, and middlings, were of course used for human food. In addition, milk was obtainable, a little butter, and plenty of green vegetables. This poor fare might have been expected to cause weakness and ill-health, but the astonishing result was that the death-rate fell by 34 per cent., and the mortality from cancer declined. Hindhede, a distinguished Danish physiologist, was thus convinced that "the principal cause of death lies in food and drink."

There is a mass of evidence to corroborate this conclusion which cannot be condensed into the short space available here. The lessons of the past, the failures and successes in rationing the fighting forces, civilians, and prisoners during the war; the clinical experience of medical men; the exact observations and carefully controlled feeding experiments on animals by scientific workers, all come to a focus upon one point, *health depends more largely upon food than upon any other hygienic factor*.

The extraordinary thing is that such an obvious fact is not universally recognized. No one would use shoddy material to make a hard-wearing, weather-resisting garment of good appearance. A jerry-built house costs in the long run more in repairs than was saved originally by economizing in the quality of the materials and

workmanship. In exactly the same way, if the human body is built up from poor materials it soon falls into a state of disrepair, and requires constant attention, and may even have to undergo structural alteration at the surgeon's hands. It is customary to accept an attack of appendicitis, or a mouthful of decaying teeth, as the whim of some inscrutable fate. There are a great many cases of appendicitis amongst children, which require operative treatment. The anxiety and expense may be borne with admirable resignation by the parents, but the outlook for the future would be far brighter if they suffered, as in most cases they ought to do, agonies of remorse because they had fed and trained the child wrongly. Certain of our leading surgeons and physicians, from years of operative and clinical experience, have become so convinced that most of the terrible physical suffering which they have had to try to alleviate is really avoidable and unnecessary that they have combined together to form "The New Health Society." Its object is the dissemination of a knowledge of the simple laws of health to enable us to avoid the mistakes we make, and for which our children have to suffer so dearly. The sins of the parents are, indeed, visited on the children when the sins, although resulting from ignorance, are against the natural laws of health. Of these sins, ignorance and prejudice are the most deadly and stand in the way of all progress. Enough knowledge is already available to help us overcome many of the dire scourges, as well as the minor troubles which make a perpetual background of fear and discomfort, and rob civilized man of his joy in life and work.

Amongst the various factors which cause disease, the one requiring most attention at the present time is undoubtedly food, and a change must be effected. We eat far more food than the healthy native of Hunza, and under-feeding in respect of quantity is rare amongst us. Let us consider the nature of our food and in what respects it differs from the health-giving food of the hillman and from the Danish war diet. A conspicuous feature in both these examples of a good diet is the comparative absence of meat, which will give great pleasure to those

who favour vegetarianism. Taken in conjunction with other known facts, however, we find that meat, unless too largely indulged in, cannot be incriminated. The absence or reduced quantity of alcoholic drinks is a feature which will be noted with approval by "pussy-foots"; but again, taking into consideration other known facts, alcoholic beverages in moderation are not to be condemned. Another point to notice is the absence of sugar in a concentrated form from the hillman's diet; dried fruits are his sweetest article of food.

An analytical survey of these two diets will not help us to discover precisely what is wrong with our own food. Its faults can only be appreciated after some effort has been made to learn what are the essential components of a diet, which will satisfy every nutritional requirement of the body. The chemical composition of food is complicated, but not so difficult to understand that any one of ordinary intelligence is prevented from acquiring the essentials of the subject. The acquisition of such knowledge is a duty which each man owes to himself, and it is a moral obligation that every one who caters for a number of people should master the principles of correct feeding. An education in the subject of nutrition, even in an elementary form, is beyond the scope of this article. Those who are anxious for information should apply to the secretary of the New Health Society* for membership; they will then receive pamphlets and other information upon health matters.

The crux of the present-day problem in nutrition centres round the supply of vitamins in the food. The discovery of the vitamins has, during the last fifteen years, entirely revolutionized the methods of estimating food values. Previously we looked upon our bodies as engines burning fuel to produce work and energy, and the value of a food was judged by its heat-giving properties. We knew that certain mineral salts and some nitrogenous flesh-forming material was also required. Then came the discovery that still other substances were needed in small amounts, and that health and life itself depended upon provision of them in our food. Because of their vital significance they were named vitamins,

* Sentinel House, 46 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

and for simplicity the three known vitamins were called A, B, and C. It is easy to remember that vitamin-A is present in *A*nimal fats, such as butter, dripping, and cod-liver oil; vitamin-B is in *B*rown, that is whole meal cereals; and vitamin-C in fresh jui*C*y fruits and green vegetables. It is in their vitamin content that the Danish war diet and the Indian hillman's simple fare are superior to our wonderfully varied diet. The vitamins are present in the tissues of the living plant and animal, but they are perishable, and the processes of refining and preservation, which so many of our foodstuffs have undergone, have robbed them of their vitamins, that is, of their health-giving properties. Because we only produce in this country a small proportion of the whole food supply, it is unavoidable that the greater part of our food must be preserved or non-perishable. We cannot hope to live entirely on fresh home-grown produce. It is therefore all the more incumbent upon us to make special efforts to see that no vitamins are unnecessarily destroyed or removed from our foods. There is no real reason why we should tolerate devitalized white flour, instead of whole meal, as our staple article of food. Again, there is much talk of garden cities, but the attractions they advertise are tennis courts and garages, and not kitchen gardens, orchards, and poultry runs. The home production of food by the extension of the allotment system is more deserving of State assistance than the manufacture of concentrated beet sugar. The abnormal amount of sugar which is consumed in civilized countries is almost certainly connected with the increase in diabetes. What is wanted is a return to as simple conditions of feeding as possible, such as the consumption of sugar in its natural form in fruits and roots, the substitution of *freshly*-ground whole meal flour for refined white cereals. There should also be a smaller consumption of meat and fish, and a larger use of eggs, cheese, milk, and fresh, *uncooked* fruit and green salads. There can be no doubt that most of those who are pursuing health will reach their goal by the simple expedient of changing their diet.

What Is a Conservative?

(*An answer to a question often asked by young Conservatives*)

By Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P.

AFTER all, what is in a name? We are to-day called Tories, Unionists, or Conservatives. Do any of these titles really mean anything? The unanimous acceptance of the recent Irish settlement has, at least, finally exploded any remaining right to the title Unionist.

The Conservative is, presumably, a person who wishes to conserve, but almost everyone wishes to conserve something. Who, but a few Bolsheviks, wants to do away with the Monarchy, or the Empire?

Perhaps "Tory" is the best name for the supporters of the present Government, because it means nothing in particular, unless it be opposition to Socialism.

Although political labels may mean much at election times, there is room for a wide divergence of views as to the principles they represent.

It is almost impossible, however, to say, apart from certain moral questions, what is right and what is wrong in politics, or rather what is wise and what is inexpedient. Political principles change almost as quickly as party programmes. Throughout the nineteenth century, it was the Radicals and Liberals who claimed "*Laissez faire*" as their particular tenet: to-day, it is certainly more the property of the Conservatives than of any other party. Where would the ghost of the Duke of Wellington find solace and comfort to-day? I doubt if even the Duke of Northumberland would be regarded as a true Tory. With the Socialists wishing to nationalize the mines—the Liberals clamouring to give away other people's land, and the Conservatives passing Pension Bills, to whom would either the old True Blues or the Manchester School look for the upholding of their principles? The truth is that political principles change with each generation, or even oftener, and although labels and titles remain the same, they are nothing more than nominal anachronisms. When people complain that Mr. Churchill has changed his politics, it would, perhaps, be pertinent to recall some early speeches of Disraeli, or even, perhaps, a later one about the Colonies. It might also be possible to find in the youthful diatribes of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain citations far more staggering than anything that can be discovered in the utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

WHAT IS A CONSERVATIVE?

You cannot judge either a man or a party by the political title under which they serve. No party can continue to exist, if it confines its principles within the narrow boundaries of "Party Politics." There is nothing dishonourable in moving with the times.

The Liberal Party to-day finds it much harder than any other to change its principles without losing its identity. The chief glory of the Conservative Party is, that although it is founded upon the Crown, the Church, the landed interests, and, for the last twenty-five years, the Empire, yet it can accommodate within its ranks, the "die-hard," the "tory democrat," and the "independent."

You may even advocate socialistic measures as a Conservative, and not have your patriotism disputed. You can claim all the advantages which attach to a progressive policy, while claiming also that you stand for the preservation of everything that is vital to the welfare of the Empire. You can argue about the laws of Economics, and the impossibility of trying to alter them by government interference or social legislation; you can beat the big drum of patriotism, of rural England as opposed to the town, of the white man's burden, of the Navy, and yet, at the same time, claim, and claim quite honestly and sincerely, to represent the real interests of the working man. The folds of the Conservative Party undoubtedly afford shelter for many divergent views.

To the question upon what Conservative principles the last election was won, one may answer "The Empire, peace and honour abroad, and lower taxation at home," but in reality the last election, as every election, was won not *on* any one cry, but *against* something. It was won against Socialism, especially that form of Socialism professed by the Bolsheviks of Russia.

It may also be asked what has the present Government done to fulfil the mandate that was given to it. They have not yet shown any appreciable effort to establish economy—they jibbed at the Naval fence, and they fell over the Education ditch. They increased the Death Duties, and added various other obstacles to the free exchange of goods. They have passed a Socialistic Pension Bill, which imposes a further burden on Industry. They have, worst of all, subsidized one great industry at the expense of the public, in order to gain breathing space before they decide whether to subsidize it permanently or not. These things they have done, it may be

urged, with almost the unanimous support of their Party in the House, if not out of it; but let no one pretend that any of these acts are in conformity with any particular Conservative, Tory, or Unionist principles.

They have, however, done something to help the Empire and also to establish peace in Europe. What has been done for the Empire is significant, but trivial in amount, and even that was accomplished with the help of some of the extreme Socialists. The importance of the Locarno Treaties cannot be exaggerated, but they are due more, perhaps, to the character and personality of the Foreign Secretary as a man, than as a Conservative politician. In spite of what was said at the last election, the Soviet Legation is still in London, and the property of British subjects is still confiscated in Russia, or having been stolen, is being sold to the public in England, under the protection of English law.

Both North and South Ireland are apparently happy over the settlement, but what about the Union, and what about the cost to the Exchequer?

The present Government have done many things—all with the best intentions, but hardly anything that they have done can honestly be described as a "party measure," as distinct from measures which either the Liberals or Socialists might have introduced. Why is this? Is it because there are "die-hards" like Sir John Gretton, and "left-centre idealists" like Lord Hugh Cecil, in the party? Is it because the capacity to compromise and to see both sides of a question are the most signal characteristics of English history, and the most obvious qualities of the Prime Minister? Or, is it because, as I believe, that legislation has very little to do with political principles, but is the direct and inevitable result of evolution and education? When public opinion demands certain measures, they are passed, no matter what particular party happens to hold the reins of government at the moment.

As long as the Conservative Party moves with the times, and is prepared to consider new conditions from a point of view unprejudiced by the shibboleths of former politics, it will always find among the public of this country a sympathetic and substantial following.

[*Short articles and letters from young Conservatives are invited.*—Ed. E.R.]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

International Sport

"Lot of talk about not letting these Australian cricketers take their wives to England for the Test Matches," remarked Heddle. "Don't see much point in it myself whether the women are here or there."

"You don't?" replied Sergeant Murphy. "But then, you're no sportsman, in the sthrict sinse of the word. You're willin' to stand by and see the British Lion have the face knocked off it be the long-legged Kangaroo. You're sunk in apathy. You're effiminate. As Misther Mitchell-Hedges has pointed out, you've lost the pioneer spirit and, instid of floundherin' through swamps and foundin' impires, you're satisfied with the sthrinuous exercise you get from man-handlin' the beer pump."

"I did my bit in the war," said Heddle defensively.

"You did," said the sergeant. "I saw you do it. But you've fallen back since. While other min are capturin' eighty-foot congers in the Cannibalean Sea, you're contint with a day's catch of eleven ounces off Ramsgate Pier, and you get more joy out of a snooze before the fire in your parlour than you would from resistin' massed attacks from storm throops of mosquitoes. That's why you can't sinse the importance of the sthrategy of the Austhralian Cricket Committee. If the Test team was to come over here accompanied be their wives, the min would be under female domination, which is the curse of the age, and, as likely as not, the divil a googly would ever find the stumps. But if the players come as grass widowers, every wan will be a he-man, and the only thing that can beat thim will be the weather. I'm glad to hear that our M.C.C. are sittin' up half the night plannin' a counther attack, and that a couple of Undher-Secretaries have been released from their social ingagemints to help in repellin' the foe. I thrimble to think what'll be the effect on the leader-writers in the newspapers if wance more Austhralia beats us at cricket. It'll be the ind of all

things, the writin' on the wall—*Eena, meena, mina,* the death blow to an effete nation.

"Mind you, Heddle, this counthry has had its belly-full of rebuffs in the way of sport, and the limit has nearly been reached. The last heavy-weight boxin' champion we produced belonged to the stone age. In golf the Americans decide be ballot each year which of their players is to cross the ocean to collect the British scalp. Our most recent success in the Tinnis Championship took place whin the players sthrode on to the field in top hats and whiskers. In rugby football, a game, Heddle, which requires only knuckle-dusters to bring it into line with a fight between two racin' gangs, New Zealand has wiped the floor with us. All the sprintin' championships and records have migrated to the United States, and Finns and other heathens carry off the swimmin' honours with wan hand tied behind their backs. Anny day now a team of Parsees may win the tossin' the caber belt.

"As agen that, our Miss Wethered—Good luck to her!—still holds the fort at golf, and our lady hockey players, fortified, as we are told, be the use of language that would haunt a plumber, are as yet invincible. And a bitter thought it is, Heddle, that shingled heads and short skirts are all that's left to uphold our ould suprimacy in sport. More female domination!

"But if cricket goes, than all is lost and we'll haul down our flag."

"Something ought to be done," said Heddle gloomily.

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "We ought to capture the male childhren in the cradle and start thrainin' thim from the age of wan. So many allotted to golf, so many to cricket, and so on. Large Governmint grants should be made in ordher to secure the best insthruction and thrainin' quarthers. Thin in twinty years' time we'd be able to defy the world in sport and the counthry would be contínted and happy.

"Wan other thing, Heddle. I've been lookin' at the thrade returns for last year, and be the Holy! I'd almost sacrifice the ping-pong championship to Portugal or Peru if we had the throphy for producin' cheap motor-cars, or if we held the record for daily output of coal per man."

The Language of Drama

By Horace Shipp

Henry VIIIth. (Empire Theatre.)
*Inheritors.** By Susan Glaspell. (Everyman Theatre.)

THE production of Henry VIIIth at the Empire Theatre has been made the occasion of much critical commentary as to which parts of the play (if any) the dramatist of Stratford (if he existed) actually wrote. Now that a gentleman in the Civil Service has effected a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole question of the authorship by demonstrating that Bacon wrote not only the Shakespeare plays but most other Elizabethan literature, from the pamphlets to the Spenserian poems, the niceties of the Henry *mélange* need no longer disturb our erudition, and we are free to thrill to the best and be mildly bored by the worst passages as we hear them for ourselves in the theatre. For my own part I go to Henry VIIIth for the beauty of its pageantry, its costuming, and in this instance to see what Miss Sybil Thorndike can make of the part of Katharine. Also to welcome Shakespeare to Leicester Square where he has for too long been represented by a statue only. In these respects one cannot possibly be disappointed by Lewis Casson's production, by Charles Ricketts' visualizing in a period style which nevertheless manages to be never merely archæological, nor in Miss Thorndike's interpretation. The production and the casting get the balance of the play better than we usually have it, for Mr. Norman's Henry gave the necessary impression of the sheer heavy determination of the king against which no power, church, state, or domestic, could prevail. He helped one to understand why Buckingham, Katharine, and Wolsey came to grief, whereas one has in the past been left a little mystified that Wolsey, at least, should not have achieved mastery.

My immediate purpose with the play, however, is with the language, for the slightest attention to its unequal

* Published by Ernest Benn, 4s.

writing gives us a clue to dramatic art which stands us in good stead when we consider any stage piece. Thus in the opening, which bears so little of the stamp of genius, we get line after line of statement which conveys less rather than more than it says.

> "There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
> For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
> Chalks successors their way, nor called upon
> For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
> To eminent assistants; but spider-like,
> Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note
> The force of his own merit makes his way.'

Against this we get such a statement as Katharine's:

> "Nothing but death
> Shall e'er divorce my dignities."

or her self-description as:

> "A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned."

and realize immediately that the content of the language is far greater than the statement it contains. This is the language of drama. It happens to be more rhythmic, because its abundance of meaning forces it into beauty of shape and sound, as is the way of true poetry.

This problem of language, of starved fact or fullness of meaning, arose again in that worthy play by Susan Glaspell, *Inheritors*. This has recently been brought to London by the company from the Liverpool Playhouse, and is a noteworthy contribution to contemporary drama, and something for which we may give America thanks. Failings it undoubtedly has—loosenesses of technique, lapses of characterization, faults of expression—but it belongs to the plays of broad vision and big human purpose; it gives a trumpet call to all that is great in us; it projects a big idea.

The theme concerns the vision of the son of a pioneer in Middle West America. This man, standing between a past which has bequeathed him splendid traditions and his wealthy land, and a future assured by the modern city which is springing up around it, feels called upon to give to that city the title deeds to the Hill so that a college may be built there. It is his acknowledgment of his debt to the past; his vision of a finer humanity for the future. This in a prologue; in the play itself we see this

college in being, celebrating its fortieth anniversary. Its principal is a weak compromising little person always playing for expediency; its students are frivolous girls and bullying young men, rendered vision-proof by the conventions of their day; its one advanced professor is warned that he must bring his teaching into line with what the senators expect. There is a colour riot, and the granddaughter of the founder feels called by something of his spirit to take a stand, and eventually, after an act of poignant drama where she is torn between living the comfortable life and treading a path of suffering for what she believes to be right, she answers the call. "God damn us," the old pioneer has said, "if we sit here, rich and fat, and forget that man's in the making"; and it is that which under other conditions she too believes.

The drama and the theme of the story (the same theme really as that other play by Susan Glaspell, *The Verge*) is of "the fight to make life *more*," and during most of its progress she manages to convey her story and its big issues. There are times, however, particularly in the prologue, when she fails us by losing her drama beneath the language of mere fact. It is one of the interesting things about this new woman dramatist that she has not complete command over language. In *The Verge* (a later play, I believe), she fumbled with words like "otherness" and "beyondness" to express her meanings, and again in the early part of this play one is disturbed by the inarticulateness. Yet at her best she has the trick completely. The girl's mind is finally decided by the ravings of her semi-demented father crooning over the corn he is so proud of having brought to perfection, and his mad desire that the wind should stop lest it carried the good golden dust from his corn to benefit his neighbour's field. A word too much would have over-stressed that symbolism, and we trembled lest Susan Glaspell uttered that word. But the dramatist who had spoiled her prologue by talking out every aspect of her situation, refrained, and we saw again, as we had seen in Leicester Square, the way of the language of great drama.

Arctic Exploration by Air

By Airplane Towards the North Pole. W. Mittelholzer. [Allen & Unwin.] 10/6
My Polar Flight. Roald Amundsen. [Hutchinson.] 21s.
With Seaplane and Sledge in the Arctic. G. Binney. [Hutchinson.] 21s.

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

THE idea of utilizing aircraft as an aid to exploration dates from 1784, for within a year of the invention of the balloon the Abbé Berthelon made the suggestive remark, that "Geography may become a new science"; while in 1830 Joseph McSweeny, a Dublin doctor, wrote, in a book called "An Essay on Aerial Navigation," that a balloon would be of value to "a ship of discovery to take an extensive view of a coast"—a prophecy that was filled in a curiously literal sense when Scott included a captive balloon in the equipment of the *Discovery* on his 1901 expedition to the Antarctic. The ill-fated attempt of the Swede, Andrée, to cross the Polar regions in a balloon on July 11, 1897, is recent history, the memory of which is revived by these three books all dealing with aviation in Spitzbergen, whence Andrée started; and which also served as the base of Wellman's more fortunate, but no more successful, airship attempt of August, 1909.

Amundsen's attempt to reach the North Pole was, perhaps, the most foolhardy in its inception, and yet well organized and most fortunate in its outcome, of all the many "stunts" which have been the feature of aviation since the war. Perhaps the best comment on the scheme is given by Mr. Mittelholzer, who was engaged on an expedition which was originally intended to lay by aeroplane caches on the Polar ice containing fuel and stores for Amundsen to replenish from on his designed flight right across the Polar regions—a project which was subsequently abandoned on it being found that no aeroplane could be procured with the necessary endurance in flight. Mr. Mittelholzer writes: "All will go well with the Arctic aviator if he needs never to land. But what will happen to him if he is compelled to come down on the ice-field, and cannot rise into the air once more? . . . The stranded airman is most unlikely ever to see home again. . . . Until we have airplanes with perfectly trustworthy engines, a flight over wide stretches of the Arctic . . . has only a 'sporting' chance of success." Amundsen and his party did "rise into the air once more"; but only

after days of herculean labours in levelling out a run for the machine, and to start on "an 850 kilometre flight, with death as the nearest neighbour."

Amundsen had shown great perspicacity in choosing as his chief flying officer that genial giant, Lieutenant Riiser-Larsen of the Norwegian Navy. I remember Riiser-Larsen coming in to see me when he was in England in the course of his preparations for this flight and explaining that he feared he would be unable to choose an English seaplane for the flight, because, in the event of a forced landing on the ice—the eventuality which actually occurred—it was essential that the boat should have a flat bottom if they were to have any chance of getting off again, and this was a feature absent from all English flying-boats, all of which have V-shaped bottoms. That was the reason for using German Dornier boats—built in Italy—for the flight, but it was found necessary to insist on British engines, to which Riiser-Larsen pays a magnificent tribute in writing: "I should scarcely have agreed to undertake a flight of this kind without a Rolls-Royce engine." This, by the way, is an interesting comment on the purchase of American aero engines, which has been forced upon the Air Ministry by the action of a British firm in designing a machine specifically to take that type of engine and no other.

Both Amundsen's and Mittelholzer's books suffer from the grave drawback of providing neither map nor index —a serious omission in works of this description—but the latter is illustrated by some of the finest aerial photographs that have ever been taken, the author being a lieutenant in the Swiss Air Force who has made a speciality of this branch of photography. "My Polar Flight" is a symposium, each member of the expedition writing a chapter on his own particular aspect of it. To the general reader those by Amundsen himself and Dietrichsen, the pilot of the second plane, which was left behind in the ice, will be the most interesting. Riiser-Larsen contributes an important chapter on the technical equipment of the flying side of the expedition, which contains many valuable hints and useful information on the details of flying in cold climates which will be of great service to others. He gives what is, I think, the first published description in the English language of the

German "sun compass," which will probably prove an indispensable adjunct to all Polar flying, where the magnetic compass becomes practically useless.

Mr. Binney's account of the 1924 Oxford University Arctic Expedition has both an index and an excellent map, which has served to fill the omission in the other two books dealt with here. The enterprise of these past and present members of the University, all quite young men, in taking up the arduous work of Arctic exploration, is beyond all praise, and has been well justified in the results, scientific and geographic, attained. The Civil Aviation Department lent one of its best men in Captain Tymms as seaplane navigator and photographer, but the Service side of the Air Ministry showed its customary lack of imagination in refusing to lend either a pilot or instruments for experimental work. They were eventually induced to construct a special aeroplane camera, but so tardily, that it could not be tested prior to the departure of the expedition. And, lest the seaplane should "crash" in the cause of the experiments and the instruments be lost, the explorers were required to furnish a bond of £300, which, as Mr. Binney observes, was another way of saying, "Heads we win, tails you lose." The seaplane taken with the expedition played a comparatively minor part in the work, owing to its being put out of action early on by a forced landing on the sea, which resulted in a perilous drift the full length of Foreland Sound, the machine and men fortunately being rescued when on the point of being carried out northwards into the open sea, whence there could have been no return. None the less, a good deal of experimental work on Arctic navigation with aircraft was done, and much valuable meteorological information collected. Mr. Binney's narrative is a fascinating record of the doings of what can only be described as a really "cheery crowd" of well-chosen companions, from which I must conclude with an extract.

"Suddenly the helmsman observed a rock about forty yards ahead. . . . Amid a furore of bells and imprecations from the bridge, the *Polar Bjorn* hit the reef. . . . Meanwhile the 'machinist' had been woken up, and, after a careful toilet, reached the engine-room, and obeyed the 'full speed astern' signal from the bridge —at least two minutes too late. . . . A boat was

immediately launched to warn the *Oiland* of the danger. . . . The *Oiland* struck a reef about half a mile astern of us, amid salvoes of applause from the *Polar Bjorn*. It was an exceedingly humorous situation in spite of its gravity." I am sure it is needless to add that both ships were successfully refloated. They would be—with such crews.

The lesson of all three books is that the aeroplane engine is as yet nothing like reliable enough to justify the employment of aircraft in such undertakings as these. Mr. Handley-Page has recently stated that one commercial aeroplane flight in every 45 is interrupted by engine failure—a truly lamentable state of affairs in view of the fact that every forced landing is of necessity fraught with possibilities of damage to the machine and injury to the occupants.

Books

ESSAYS.

THE METHODICAL STUDY OF LITERATURE. By F. BOILLOT. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France. 12 fr.

WITH becoming modesty the Professor of French at Bristol University invites us, in the matter of the teaching of English literature, to see ourselves as others see us. Himself a Frenchman, long experience in this country has shown him that the study of our literature is not accorded the importance attached to the study of French literature in France. He has found that, whereas literary training was formerly smothered in philology and literary history, the tendency now is to ignore dates, words, facts, or allusions—"to desert the text and to encourage students to accumulate vague literary sensations." The primary concern with M. Boillot is not scholarship; it is the development of the power of literary understanding and appreciation. He feels that students "cannot get hold of literature because they cannot find a handle"; and his aim is to supply them with this necessary attachment. His suggested method consists, briefly, in studying in order: (1) the circumstances in which an extract or a book was written (i.e. localization); (2) its matter; (3) its form—the different qualities of its style; (4) the manner in which its thought, feeling, and expression are related, etc. M. Boillot would have the student put down on slips of paper the results of his or her investigations under each of these heads and their many sub-heads; and at the end weld the whole into a connected commentary. He gives seven examples of such commentaries, on extracts from Ruskin, Byron, Blanco White, Poe, Lamb, Keats, and Swinburne. Whether one agrees with him or not, his essay will stimulate thought in all lovers of English literature who read it. It does not detract from its value to express the fear that the wood may be just as much obscured by M. Boillot's trees as by those to which the devotees of philology and literary history directed so much attention.

POLITICAL.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHINESE REPUBLIC. By H. G. W. WOODHEAD. Hurst and Blackett. 15s. net.

MR. WOODHEAD'S book fittingly reflects the natural perturbation of foreign merchants and residents in China at the prospect of diplomatic negotiations in Peking which are likely to result in a series of concessions to the demands of Chinese "Nationalists" for the abolition of extra-territoriality and a drastic revision of "unequal treaties." In it he has set forth the main facts and features of the situation, as it has developed since the abdication of the Manchus and the establishment of the Republic fourteen years ago. His lucid exposition of this situation will repay careful study. He brings many valid arguments to bear in support of his general conclusion, that there is nothing in it to justify the attitude of the sentimentalists and political theorists (mostly American) who urge acquiescence in Young China's claims to unfettered tariff autonomy and jurisdiction over foreigners. With regard, however, to the wider problems presented by the chronic condition of anarchy and civil strife into which China has drifted in the absence of any recognized and effective central authority, such conclusions as he ventures to express are, on the whole, vague and unconvincing, suggestive of an attitude that could "rather bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Being opposed to the idea of foreign intervention, he is apparently disposed to wait indefinitely for an end to anarchy, or at least until such time as the Chinese acquire the qualities which will enable them to reform their judicial system and civic administration in accordance with civilized procedure.

He maintains, quite justly (as an argument against the abolition of extra-territoriality), that China's present laws are only made "to be violated openly and persistently throughout the country," and that corruption is widely prevalent in official circles; but he is of opinion that these and other abuses must be reformed before the Chinese problem can be solved and stability restored. Yet it should be evident to anyone who has followed the course of events since 1912, and who knows the Chinese, that these reforms cannot possibly be undertaken until law and order have been re-established with a firm hand; in other words, that the restoration of the autocratic form of government, in some form, must precede them.

Mr. Woodhead's view of the situation reflects at more than one point the obsession of certain ideas and catchwords with reference to China which have become the current coin of journalism on both sides of the Atlantic. For example, he continually speaks of the Tuchuns and their followers as "militarists," a word (closely identified with Imperialism and Capitalism in the minds of missionaries, Socialists, and other up-lifters) by the skilful use of which Young China has succeeded in creating a great deal of misguided sympathy for its professions of "Constitutionalism." As a matter of sober fact, there is nothing military about the organized brigandage of the various Tuchuns and warring factions, nor anything at all to choose between the political designs and methods of a "Constitutionalist" like the late Sun Yat-sen and those of a "militarist" like the "Christian" General Feng Yu-hsiang. In the same way

Mr. Woodhead attributes the recent anti-British agitation and Young China's demand for the annulment of the "unequal" treaties to the growth of a new spirit of "national consciousness" throughout the country. This widely-held opinion can only be justified on the assumption that the Westernized section of Young China, which has fomented and organized this agitation, actually represents the definite sentiments and conscious political aspirations of a majority of the Chinese people. It should not be difficult to demonstrate the truth that, as a matter of fact, they represent nothing but themselves and their special class interests, and that the "national consciousness," which they skilfully direct to their own ends by means of strikes, boycotts, etc., has always existed in China, in the form of an instinctive (and perfectly natural) dislike and distrust of foreigners. The inarticulate masses, in whose name the student agitator shouts, are as illiterate and politically unconscious to-day as they were when the "unequal" treaties were signed. The real change which has taken place in China, that which now threatens to make life difficult and dangerous for the foreigner, is, that the modern mandarin (no whit behind his predecessors in the arts and crafts of diplomacy) has taken several leaves out of Europe's book. Amongst them there is probably none more useful than the sowing of seeds of delusion and dissension amongst the outer barbarians by means of organized propaganda and the Press.

J. O. P. Bland.

BIOGRAPHY

Memoirs of Sir Almeric Fitzroy. Two Vols. Hutchinson. 42s.

The author of these memoirs was, for twenty-five years, Clerk of the Privy Council, a period which covers not only the Great War and the war in South Africa, but also the long Liberal innings which afforded us the spectacle of Mr. Lloyd George's tussle with the Dukes, the Asquithian phases of Home Rule, and the militant aspects of Woman's Suffrage. Sir Almeric served under three sovereigns and a variety of Prime Ministers; while his own immediate chiefs included the late Duke of Devonshire and Lords Londonderry, Wolverhampton, Beauchamp, Crewe, and, last but not least, Lord Morley. Brought thus into close personal relations with a variety of historic personages, it would be impossible for him to be dull had he the gift of dullness. He is, however, one of those who are equal to their opportunities, and these eminently readable volumes are at once the work of a shrewd as well as a discreet observer.

Serene, imperturbable, he tells of kings and commoners, of funerals and coronations, of lord mayors and archbishops. We assist at innumerable meetings of the Privy Council, and, at second or third hand, of the Cabinet itself. The social side is not neglected, and we are permitted to attend "functions," dinner parties, and balls that must make the average newspaper chronicler turn green with envy. Sir Almeric's two heroes are obviously the Duke of Devonshire and the statesman who is best known as John Morley. Under these two Lord Presidents he achieved the happiness which converts business into pleasure. The Duke's magnanimity and massive common sense are given a score of illustrations;

the charm of John Morley, upright and scholarly, simple yet divinely shrewd, is met with again. Of Mr. Lloyd George we are told, "He has the mentality characteristic of his countrymen, an inexactitude, which is quite outside the control of his will. A fact with him is nothing static . . . but something fluid, like quicksilver, which under pressure of circumstances may take any form you like to give it."

This is an eminently readable book, characteristic of the best type of public servant, and, unlike so many of its kind, it avoids scandal, and conducts itself like a gentleman of that Victorian age wherein the author learnt his manners. A. K.

LIARS AND FAKERS. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. Hutchinson & Co. 18s. net.

THE very comprehensive title chosen by Mr. Sergeant rather led one to expect a miscellany of sketches on the model of his "Rogues and Scoundrels." What he has actually given us is, however, a kind of biographical history of the chief actors in the so-called "Popish Plot," together with a special chapter devoted to Dangerfield—this part of the book representing the Liars; whilst two subsequent monographs deal with those famous Fakers, Psalmanazar and Ireland. The author has here presented a convincing demonstration of the possibility of combining exact scholarship with great readability, a collocation the feasibility of which many people have been led to doubt because nowadays they so seldom encounter it.

The first and longest section of the book, entitled "The Salamanca Doctor and his Friends," is a luminous exposition of the infamous conspiracy which Titus Oates, backed by William Bedloe and some lesser lights, and countenanced up to a scandalous point by judges such as Scroggs and Jeffreys, foisted upon a public blinded by panic-stricken religious bigotry, and of its slow recoil on the heads of the contrivers when vaulting ambition led them to strike at too highly-placed victims. The present author takes stock of the rather considerable literature which has appeared upon the subject of the "Plot" since the late Mr. Seccombe did his pioneer work on it in the "D.N.B." and the "Lives of Twelve Bad Men," and makes some tentative suggestions on his own account. He considers Dr. Ezreel Tonge, a genuine anti-Catholic fanatic, the original begetter, who found in Oates a fitting instrument, and that Shaftesbury (Dryden's "Achitophel") exploited the situation for his own political designs, fanning the flames which ultimately proved too hot for him. As to the mysterious death of the magistrate who received Oates's deposition—the event which gave so timely a fillip to the design—he supports the plausible suggestion that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey may have been done to death by Lord Pembroke, one of Shaftesbury's supporters, who had more adequate motives than any to whom the crime has been attributed. It is, as Mr. Sergeant says, "a fascinating theory," though not without difficulties.

Dangerfield (who obtained his sobriquet of "Duke" from his alleged impersonation of Monmouth) is less known to fame than the Salamanca doctor, but a more attractive villain than that champion liar, and seems to have been a kind of Captain Macheath. Unlike Oates, he

was fair to look upon, and had an all-round record of crime before he started, almost by accident, on the career of a political informer. But he met his match in the "Catholic midwife," Mrs. Cellier, and did not live, like Oates, to see the glorious Revolution.

Compared with Oates, Dangerfield and company, Psalmanazar and Ireland, were, as the author remarks, "harmless snakes," who hurt people's self-esteem but did not menace their lives. Good accounts of them were given some years ago in Mr. J. A. Farrer's "Literary Forgeries," which the present author does not appear to have seen. Literary vanity was probably the predominant motive in the case of both the concocter of the Formosan myth and of the Shakespeare forgeries; in each case the fraud was confessed and bitterly expiated. The so-called Psalmanazar had been the victim of a wily Scot, who used him for his own purposes and then left him in the lurch to become a repentant bookseller's hack whose pious character mightily impressed Samuel Johnson.

The story of Ireland's Shakespeare fakings, inspired by Chatterton, and all-too-closely followed in detail, was, we should have thought, too well known to bear repetition. But Mr. Sergeant handles the debated question of the elder Ireland's possible participation with his usual acuteness, leaving us, moreover, with a feeling of sympathy for his son's rather unduly severe punishment. We notice three misprints in dates as occurring in this sketch. G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

THE LIFE OF W. T. STEAD. By FREDERIC WHYTE. 2 vols. Jonathan Cape. 36s. net.

APOSTOLIC zeal and the public school spirit are so curiously divergent in quality that to a great many of his contemporaries Stead was a rather unassimilable phenomenon, a man who combined all the authority, privileges, and precedence of a great editor with the gestures of a stunt reporter, who invented the new journalism, and was triply armed against public prejudices, social limitations, and vested wrongs, by a pachydermatous panoply of faith, reinforced by an eager credulity and congenital optimism. He was a disturbing factor to precedent and *laissez-faire* decencies. Society was aghast without Stead knowing it. Duchesses' drawing-rooms were small things to the man who patronized the Emperor of all the Russias, was candid friend to Edward VII when he met him as Prince of Wales, and always stretched out his hand for the particular Prime Minister or politician he needed. Certainly a most remarkable man, well worth the close and dispassionate attention that Mr. Whyte has given to his career, an historical character whose "here am I, send me" attitude depends so much upon what emphasis one puts upon the personal pronouns. Take his "Maiden Tribute," his "Review of Reviews," his "Julia Bureau," and his South African and Russian peace campaigns as samples of his dynamic force, and his Dr. Cook episode as a makeweight. Take all the indomitable pertinacities of intervention for justice and the right as he saw it, and it is impossible not to wonder at the power of Stead's driving force and the glow of his enthusiasms—a glow with which his living presence infected the most diverse personalities into concurrent warmth. Apostolic zeal plus what? And minus what? But Stead was Stead! Something singular, something prodigious—a splendid subject

for a biographer without bias, as these volumes prove; one of England's worthies strayed out of the spacious days, with a frock-coat and a pen for his doublet and rapier, and devildoms and doubloons much nearer than the Spanish Main.

SAMUEL KELLY: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SEAMAN. Edited by CROSBIE GARSTIN. Jonathan Cape. 15s. 6d.

IT is customary to deplore the passing of the sailing ship, and to look back through rose-coloured spectacles to those brave days of old when English seamen ruled the high and narrow seas. This auto-biography, written by one of those very seamen, shows us the reverse, as well as the obverse, of the medal.

Born in 1764, at the age of fourteen he joined the Packet Service, and on his first voyage touched at Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbados, and Jamaica, but so hardly was he used that on arrival home his father removed him from the ship to another in the same service. As to the feeding, he tells us that "the barrels of pork consisted of pigs' heads with the iron rings in the nose, pigs' feet, and pigs' tails with much hair thereon."

In spite of hardships, however, his curious eyes saw much of a new and strange world, and he was a witness, even more than most of us, of history in the making. Who of us would not have liked to have stood by Kelly's side at the door of the Senate House, Philadelphia, and waited with him to see the President, no other than General Washington, "clad in black velvet with a silk bag to his hair."

OCCULTISM.

THE WISDOM OF THE GODS. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY. T. Werner Lawrie. 7s. 6d.

MR. BRADLEY is not a missionary but an investigator, he tells us so himself; but he is also a very ardent and individual literary artist, at once able to present the results of his investigations in very clear and convincing form, and to conduct a series of scathing refutations of the arguments of objectors, doubters, and accusers. He claims actual and irrefutable proof of survival, traverses the suggestion of personation, delusion, fraud, and subconscious cerebration, and gives a long list of well-known people who have been convinced by the sittings at Dorincourt. He does not spare the incompetent or fraudulent medium, but insists that personal character has little to do with mediumship, a faculty which he believes to be latent in us all, and one which he and his wife have developed to a remarkable degree. He distinguishes between the evidential and non-evidential with fairness, and exhibits a certain degree of impatience towards dogmatic ignorance and sensation-mongering curiosity. As in his previous book, "Towards the Stars"—(these titles have the true Bradley touch)—he gives names, dates or details of a great number of circles, both in the dark and in daylight, in which a great many inexplicable and well-authenticated phenomena, and a great deal of "direct voice" communications are related fully and frankly, with only delicate private communications omitted; and one does not for one moment doubt the complete seriousness and bona fides of his convictions any more than one suspects him of undue credulity or an easy simplicity of mind. In short, this is an astonishing book—a testimony not easy to ignore.

BOOKS

FICTION

THE REGION CLOUD. By PERCY LUBBOCK. Cape. 7s. 6d.

IT is dangerous for the author of such a prominent "how-to-do-it" book as Mr. Lubbock's "Craft of Fiction" to give us a sample, and his effort interests us more for its experimental technique than for its achievement. The book records a year's chance friendship between two men of genius—one arrivé, the other struggling and unknown—and the breakdown of their contact because the former cannot endure the unspoken criticism of his worldliness. An interesting theme enough; but we put the book down feeling that Mr. Lubbock has attempted a novel and achieved an essay; has talked about his people, never created them; has evaded his situations; has even, in nine cases out of every ten, given a résumé of his dialogue instead of the dialogue. Perhaps the author would hasten to assure us that this is not a novel; otherwise we will assure him of the fact, whilst admiring much of the writing as such.

MASTERSON. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MR. FRANKAU has done, in his "Story of an English Gentleman," very much what Mr. Ford is doing, with more patience, in his Tietjens Saga—very much, that is to say, what a great many considerable authors have already done, in the juxtaposing of a good man and a bad woman—"good" and "bad" being relative terms.

"Masterson," to say the truth, is a sketch rather than a study; a younger son who, at forty, finds himself heir to millions and their responsibilities; a nasty touch of fate, as his occupation of unofficial adviser to Abyssinian potentates completely contents his soul. From a high sense of duty he goes home and takes over his money, mansions, steam yacht, racing stable, and all the sad impediments to the happy life, and he in turn is taken over by some friends including a *demi vierge* wife; the real centre of the story excellently particularized with all the wonderful detail of which Mr. Frankau is a master.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEN. By EDGAR J. SAXON. Daniel. 6s.

MR. SAXON is the editor of "The Healthy Life" magazine, and one suspects him of nut foods, Swedish exercises, and rational dress, but these things do not creep into the pleasant company of friends who are chiefly concerned in these sketches. A little boy, who grows bigger in the course of these symposia, and a delightful though shadowy girl, break up the discussions agreeably in the graciously serious atmosphere of intellectual friendship, which avoids the highbrow taint by the gift of humour. Mr. Saxon's ambrosial nights and days are pleasantly diversified, gracefully human and unpretentious in scheme. The fireside, the open-air, music and romance, are the variations played upon the always acceptable theme of the talk of friends. One is in good company in the philosopher's den, chiefly because the atmosphere of easy friendliness is not defaced by too much eagerness to shine. The final chapter, in which the friends, finding themselves in the deep seclusion of a summer woodland, yield to the impulse to dispense with clothing, is a little startling to one's conventional acceptances, but delicately done and quite inoffensive. Altogether, "The Philosopher's Den" has a certain quiet distinction.

Our Oldest Dominion

By A. C. Wardle

(On Page 285)

Empire Notes

Training of Educated Settlers

In order to provide a training centre in England for university graduates and public schoolboys who wish to settle on the land in Australia the mansion known as Lynford Hall, near Brandon, Norfolk, is now being converted into a college to be called "The Australian Farms Agricultural College." It will be under the control of Mr. H. W. Potts, formerly Principal of Hawkesbury Agricultural College in New South Wales, who is regarded as the leading authority on Australian agriculture. The Australian States are co-operating in this undertaking, all the State Agents-General in London being on the committee. The new college is surrounded by a thousand acres of good grazing and arable land, and will have accommodation for about a hundred students. It will be a stipulation that all proposing to enter the training college must be prepared to go to Australia with at least £250 at their disposal. This sum will enable them to take up a farm of 160 acres, and the State Government concerned will advance three times that sum for the

development of the land. The fee for a six months' course at the college, including board and residence, will be £100, and about £25 will be needed for pocket money. Transport to Australia costs £50, so that, including capital, the total sum required to enable a student to take the course, travel to Australia and take up a farm, with the right to a State loan of £750, will be £425. Pig breeding, which gives the quickest and largest return on the original outlay, is to receive special attention at the college. One outstanding advantage of the scheme is that it gives intending settlers of the educated class an opportunity of finding out whether they are likely to accommodate themselves to a life on the land without wasting a large amount of time and money in testing their fitness on the other side of the globe. Something of the kind has been badly needed for many years.

British Settlers for Canada

CANADA is now taking active steps to increase the flow of settlers to that Dominion. Posters are widely displayed informing those desirous of going to Canada as farm labourers that they can do so for £3, an amount which is much below the minimum cost that has been possible at any time since the war. Details have also been published recently of a new colonization scheme in Alberta in which the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Imperial Government Overseas Settlement Committee, and the Scottish Immigration Aid Society of Alberta are co-operating. It is hoped to settle about a hundred families on a tract of 30,000 acres in the Vermilion district of Alberta. Each settler will have a farm of at least 160 acres, with farmhouse, livestock, and equipment, and he will be given the opportunity of purchasing his farm, as he acquires the necessary funds, at a price which must not exceed an average over the whole 30,000 acres of approximately £1 per acre. The present scheme is the outcome of an earlier arrangement under which the Scottish Immigration Society brought out a number of settlers from the Hebrides and established them on cottage holdings with three acres of land. Forty of these settlers have already been accepted for transference to the larger farms as soon as the necessary buildings have

been erected. Applications are now being received by the C.P.R. Colonization Department at the company's offices in Cockspur Street. There would seem to be good grounds for hoping that migration to Canada will this year go far towards regaining the level at which it stood in the years immediately preceding the war.

The Baghdad Railway

Now that the fate of the Mosul vilayet has been decided by the League of Nations' decision it is probable that the desirability, or otherwise, of completing the missing link of rather over 200 miles in the Baghdad Railway will come into prominence. So long as there was a possibility of Turkey regaining control of the Mosul area there was no inducement to consider this matter seriously, but now that the question of sovereignty has been settled the extension of the Baghdad-Kirkuk line, which was opened a few months ago, to Mosul and thence to Nisibin, the present terminus of the Baghdad Railway, can be studied as a practical project. On the engineering side the difficulties are not serious, bridges over the Lesser and Greater Zab rivers and over the Tigris at Mosul being the principal structural features, but the gauge question will obtrude itself, as the Basrah-Kirkuk line is of metre gauge, and the Baghdad Railway from Haidar Pasha, opposite Constantinople, to Nisibin is of standard European (4 ft. 8½ in.) gauge. If strategic considerations could be ignored it might be commercially advantageous to extend the 4 ft. 8½ in. line from Nisibin to Mosul, a distance of about 120 miles, making that town the point of junction between the two gauges, but, as matters stand, it would seem preferable to continue the metre gauge at least to the Iraq-Syria frontier, if not to Nisibin itself. The Mosul-Nisibin section would include about 30 miles of track across the north-east corner of Syria, so that an agreement with France, as well as with Turkey, would have to be negotiated before the Baghdad Railway could be completed. In any case Turkish acceptance of the Mosul award and the negotiation of an economic convention between Iraq and Turkey must precede any attempt to bridge the existing gap in the railway route from Europe to the Persian Gulf, and the advantages

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HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA,
Crown House,
Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

and drawbacks of completing through communication from the point of view of the security of Iraq will have to be carefully weighed.

East Africa in London

EARLY in January the East African group—Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika Territory, Zanzibar, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland—realized an ambition which has been cherished for some years, particularly in Kenya, when the new trade and information bureau for "His Majesty's Eastern African Dependencies" was opened. The offices are on the third floor of America House in Cockspur Street, with an outlook over Trafalgar Square, and one window of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's offices on the ground floor has been allotted for the display of East African products and information. Colonel W. H. Franklin, H.M. Trade Commissioner at Nairobi, is in charge of the new London offices, and will divide his time between East Africa and London. Speaking at the

inaugural luncheon at the Hotel Victoria on January 4, Mr. Ormsby-Gore mentioned that the Gold Coast would shortly be following the example of East Africa, by opening an official bureau in London.

THE issues raised in Brigadier-General Hammond's report on the railway question in Southern Rhodesia have aroused public interest in that colony in the future of the Northern Rhodesia Protectorate. The advantages of maintaining unity of control of the railways of both territories are making themselves felt, and Mr. Moffat, the Southern Rhodesian Minister of Mines and Works, in a speech at Bulawayo recently, remarked that the question of union was bound to come up sooner or later and might be forced to the front by the railway question. It is unlikely that the whole of Northern Rhodesia would be amalgamated with the Southern colony in any case, since the Barotseland area is a native reserve similar in character to Basutoland or Bechuanaland, and the north-eastern districts have much more in common with Nyasaland than with Southern Rhodesia, but there is something to be said in favour of adding the railway belt of Northern Rhodesia to the colony south of the Zambezi, with which it has such close economic and geographical relations. Public opinion in Northern Rhodesia would, however, appear to be averse to partition of the Protectorate.

Future of Northern Rhodesia

ACTIVE bidding by Liberals and Conservatives for Progressive support has resulted in the maintenance in office of the King (Liberal) administration, for the time being at any rate, though the majority in the critical division was only three. It is possible that the King Government will survive until the end of the session that has just opened, as no party is anxious for another general election within the next three months, and it would be very difficult for the Conservatives to secure Progressive support without paying a price that would antagonize their own followers. The situation is inherently unstable, and at the moment a long-lived alliance between Liberals and Progressives seems very improbable.

Political Auction at Ottawa.

Our Oldest Dominion

By A. C. Wardle

BLESSED with an abundance of water-power, rich in lumber and mineral resources, and surrounded by an unlimited mine of aquatic wealth, Newfoundland is probably the least-developed unit of the Empire.

Its 42,000 square miles are peopled by just over one-quarter of a million souls. For nearly a century immigration has been most casual, and the Newfoundlander to-day is usually a direct descendant of those early West Country and Irish settlers attracted thither by the fisheries many decades ago. That such a wide and productive area should have failed to absorb more than a mere fraction of the steady stream of West-bound emigrants from this country is not incomprehensible, for Newfoundland was never "boosted" from a colonizing standpoint. Those immense "boosters" of undeveloped lands—the great railroad and steamship companies—were too pre-occupied in advertising the alluring El Dorados of Canada and the United States, and Englishmen seldom realized the proximity of Newfoundland's vast industrial and agricultural possibilities. We held exaggerated ideas of climatic difficulties which dispelled any serious interest, and even in these enlightened days it is not unusual to find the Englishman nonplussed to locate the Dominion.

Infrequent communication with Europe was also a hindrance to progress. The prevailing liner service between England and Newfoundland has consisted of an approximate three-weekly sailing, whilst vessels from Canada and the United States arrive at St. John's, the capital, regularly each week. This results in a tendency for the Newfoundlander to become Americanized in outlook, and in recent years his social and commercial sympathies have inclined towards New York and Montreal, to the detriment of English trade. Quite a steady percentage of the Dominion's young manhood finds it congenial to settle upon the mainland each year, and although this emigration from Newfoundland may be merely temporary or transient, it substantially diminishes her productivity.

Another militating influence was the reluctance of

British capital to invest in any Newfoundland project. Unlike her younger sisters, Canada and Australia, the old Dominion was not garlanded with legends of golden corn or woolly sheep with which to inveigle speculative capital and labour, and quite intelligent Englishmen visualized a rugged, rock-bound island of fog and mist, where living was a gamble and commercial enterprise a decided hazard. Occasionally, by way of loan or guarantee, the Imperial Government grudgingly aided development, but there was little external finance procured beyond the capital vested in the *Daily Mail* pulp mills, the Bell Island mines, and similar undertakings, and Newfoundland has depended for its commercial expansion upon the savings of its hardy fisher-folk and thrifty merchants. The Dominion does not possess its own banking system, the mercantile community being at the mercy of Canadian banks, of which there are over forty branches. These banks appear to have differential rates of interest, and Newfoundland merchants pay dearly for their credits—which enables the banks to make advances at lower rates to industries in, say, British Columbia, so that the Newfoundlander helps indirectly the development of Canadian industry to the detriment of his own.

These and other handicaps have retarded immigration and development, but to-day there are symptoms of change. Newfoundland's timber wealth and water-powers already engage the attention of engineers, industrialists, and speculators, and the gigantic hydro-electrical works and pulp mills recently constructed at Corner Brook by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., together with a projected similar scheme for the Gander District, are but forerunners of the systematic harnessing of numerous rivers and streams which is bound to ensue. The mineral wealth of the country has yet also to be thoroughly tapped. Geological surveys produce evidence of rich deposits of ores. The island is situate within the true metalliferous zone of North America, and embraces coal, iron, copper, lead, slate, gypsum, and limestone areas. Whilst Newfoundland's mineral resources must be very great, she is additionally fitted to sustain a large agricultural population, and there is room for thousands of good-type settlers, especially in the western districts.

Development of new industries, however, may mean substantial absorption of local labour before immigration commences, and this will afford opportunities for men to forsake the cod fishery, which is Newfoundland's staple industry and most valuable asset. It is natural that the fisherman should prefer any reasonable standard of life to his present hazardous calling, and already a tendency exists for young fishermen to desert this industry for more congenial employment. A serious deviation of labour thus faces future Newfoundland governments, and will require considerable foresight and tactful handling if the country is to progress along the right lines. The cod fishery has not yet been tackled scientifically, and, with elimination of existing wasteful processes, the manufacture of by-products should create a still further demand for labour.

Restricted immigration into the United States and Canada already compels the large North Atlantic steamship companies to seek new avenues for emigrant traffic, and ultimately Newfoundland will be one of the beneficiaries, for her potential labour market cannot be overlooked and merely requires advertising. The west Coast and interior of the island carry a delightful summer and a comparatively mild winter, and with improved rail and road transport there should be ample scope for agricultural and other workers. A narrow-gauge railway at present serves the community, but once a wider gauge track is laid and the journey between St. John's and Port aux Basques shortened by means of a direct run across country, the much-discussed Short Line steamship service between Europe and North America will become a tangible proposition. Newfoundland is obviously the natural disembarkation point for western ocean travellers, and the day is not far distant when passengers for Montreal and the West will take steamer to St. John's, or other Newfoundland ports and travel thence by rail through to Canada. Merchandise will follow the same route and be railed through from St. John's to western points.

Tourist traffic is just now engaging the attention of the Newfoundland Government. The island is visited each summer by numerous Americans on pleasure bent, and a

serious effort is being made to increase this business, and also to attract tourists from England. In addition to possessing unique facilities for good fishing and shooting, Newfoundland proffers scenery which vies with anything that can be offered by Europe or America, and there is every inducement for Britishers to venture a holiday there, the expense being no more than the cost of a first-class cruise to the Norwegian fiords. Much might be said for Newfoundland's attractions for sportsman and tourist, but as this is not within the scope of a short article, it is sufficient to state that English holiday seekers would never regret spending a summer or two in the oldest Dominion.

Newfoundland appears to be entering a new phase of development, and it is to be hoped that wise government, sober advertising, and a sympathetic response from British investors and industrialists, will lead to immigration on sound lines and the Dominion's ultimate commercial expansion and progress.

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